

COWBOY WESTERN
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

68

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PAGES

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DOUBLE
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Wild Bill Hickok

and

JINGLES

MARCH

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

4





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"Trainer of The Champions"

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MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method.

"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your **FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!**"



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
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BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...

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IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also... help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

**Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my **GIANT 32 page course**, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.



**NOTHING TO BUY!
YES THAT'S RIGHT!**

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

JOE WEIDER
801 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J.

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Shoot the works, Joel! Rush me my **FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE**. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

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COWBOY WESTERN

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MARCH, 1958

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(Printed in U.S.A.)

Wild Bill Hickok

AND *Jingles*

TRAPPED in the BADLANDS

WILD BILL HICKOK, THE FAMOUS FRONTIER MARSHAL, HAD ISSUED A STERN ORDER... NO ONE WAS TO WEAR GUNS WHILE WALKING THE STREETS OR TRANSACTING BUSINESS INSIDE THE TOWN OF HAYS CITY! BUT WHEN THE STRANGER DEFIED THIS ORDER, HE STARTED A CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH WERE TO TAKE THE COURAGEOUS MARSHAL INTO THE FORBIDDEN BADLANDS, WHERE ANY LAWMAN WAS RISKING HIS LIFE AT THE HANDS OF BUSHWHACK GUNSLINGERS!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, STRANGER! AN' YUH BETTER RIDE OUT, BEFORE THE MARSHAL SEES YUH'RE CARRYIN' A GUN!

NO LAWMAN'S GONNA MAKE **ME** CHECK MY IRON!

I'M BULL TRASK... I'M TOUGH AN' I MAKE MY **OWN** LAWS!



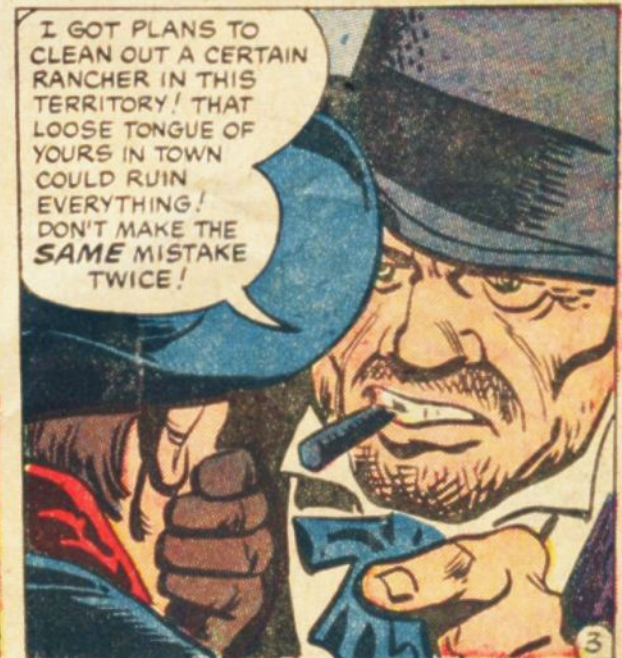
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



VOWING VENGEANCE, THE ANGRY TRASK HEADED THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF HIGH BOULDERS WHICH LED TO THE NOTORIOUS "BADLANDS"...



COWBOY WESTERN

"BIG MIKE" MURDOCK'S RUSTLING OPERATION
STARTED THREE DAYS LATER!



MARSHAL HICKOK!
THERE'S TROUBLE
ON THE RANGE...
RUSTLERS!



I'M ONE OF JUD PURDY'S
WRANGLERS... HE SENT ME
IN TO GET YUH!

RUSTLERS, YOU
SAY? HOW MANY
OF 'EM?

"THEY STRUCK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO... OUTNUMBERED US THREE TO ONE! SOME OF OUR MEN
WERE HIT... WE HAD TO RUN FOR IT, BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE!"

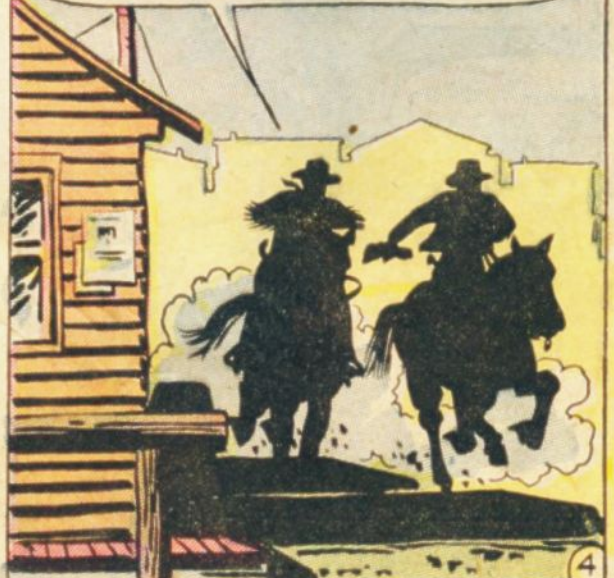


WE AIN'T GOT A
CHANCE AGAINST
THAT GANG! BETTER
REPORT TO MISTER
PURDY! WE'LL NEED
REINFORCEMENT!

I RECKON THEY GOT AWAY WITH AT LEAST
FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF PRIZE STEERS!



NO RANCHER CAN TAKE A LOSS THAT BIG!
THIS WILL BREAK OLD MAN PURDY!



COWBOY WESTERN

SOON, AT THE PURDY RANCH...

THEY GOT
CLEAN AWAY,
MARSHAL... AN'
MY HERD WAS
READY FOR
MARKET TOO!

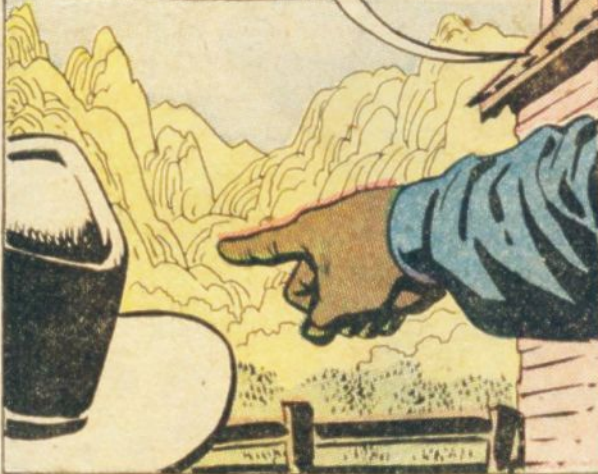


FIVE HUNDRED HEAD WILL SLOW
'EM DOWN, MISTER PURDY! I'LL
GET UP A POSSE...

WON'T DO
ANY GOOD,
MARSHAL!



THEM SIDEWINDERS HEADED INTO... **THE
BADLANDS!** NO POSSE WILL FOLLOW
YUH IN THERE!



YOU'RE RIGHT... A
POSSE COULD BE
PICKED OFF BY AN
AMBUSH, WAITING
AT BOULDER PASS!
BUT THERE'S
ANOTHER WAY...
WHERE'S YOUR
WORKSHOP,
MISTER PURDY?



I'M GOING INTO **THE
BADLANDS...**
ALONE!

WHAT? ARE YUH
LOCO, MARSHAL,
YUH'LL NEVER
COME OUT!



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! WE'LL CUT STARS
OUT OF THIS SHEET OF METAL... THEN TWO
"LAWMEN" ARE GOING TO **CHASE** ME...
INTO THE BADLANDS!

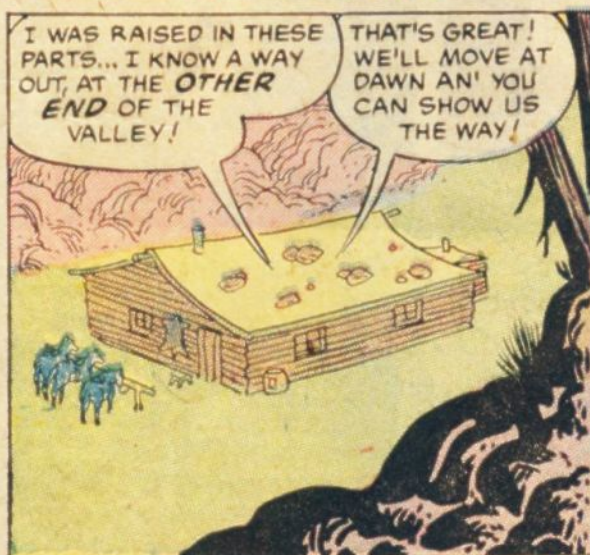


COWBOY WESTERN

A FEW HOURS LATER, TWO OF "BIG MIKE" MURDOCK'S GUARDS WATCHED WITH INTEREST, AS TWO "LAW OFFICERS" CHASE A "FUGITIVE" INTO *THE BADLANDS*!



COWBOY WESTERN

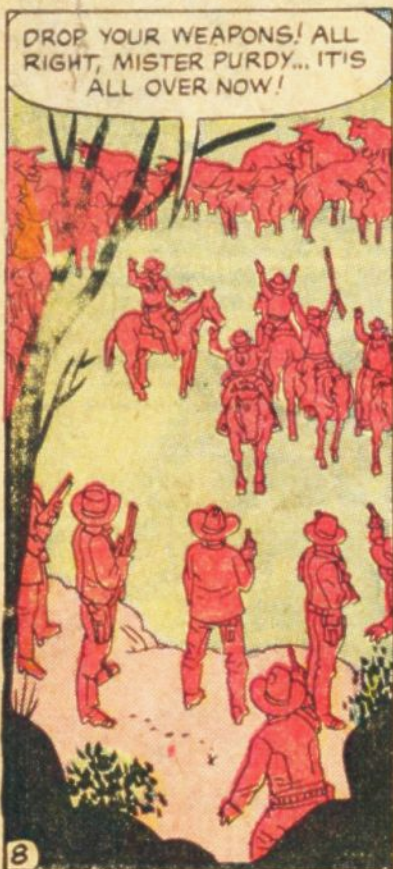


COWBOY WESTERN

SOME TIME LATER, MARSHAL HICKOK WAS LEADING THE OUTLAW GANG THROUGH AN EXIT PASSAGE AT THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY...



HEMMEED IN BY THE MILLING CATTLE, THE OUTLAWS HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!



8

THEN...



WE DONE LIKE YUH SAID, MARSHAL... RODE ALL NIGHT TO GIT TO *THIS* END OF THE VALLEY!



THE MARSHAL PICKED UP BILL TRASK, ON THE WAY BACK THRU THE VALLEY TO BORDER PASS...



COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok

AND

Jingles

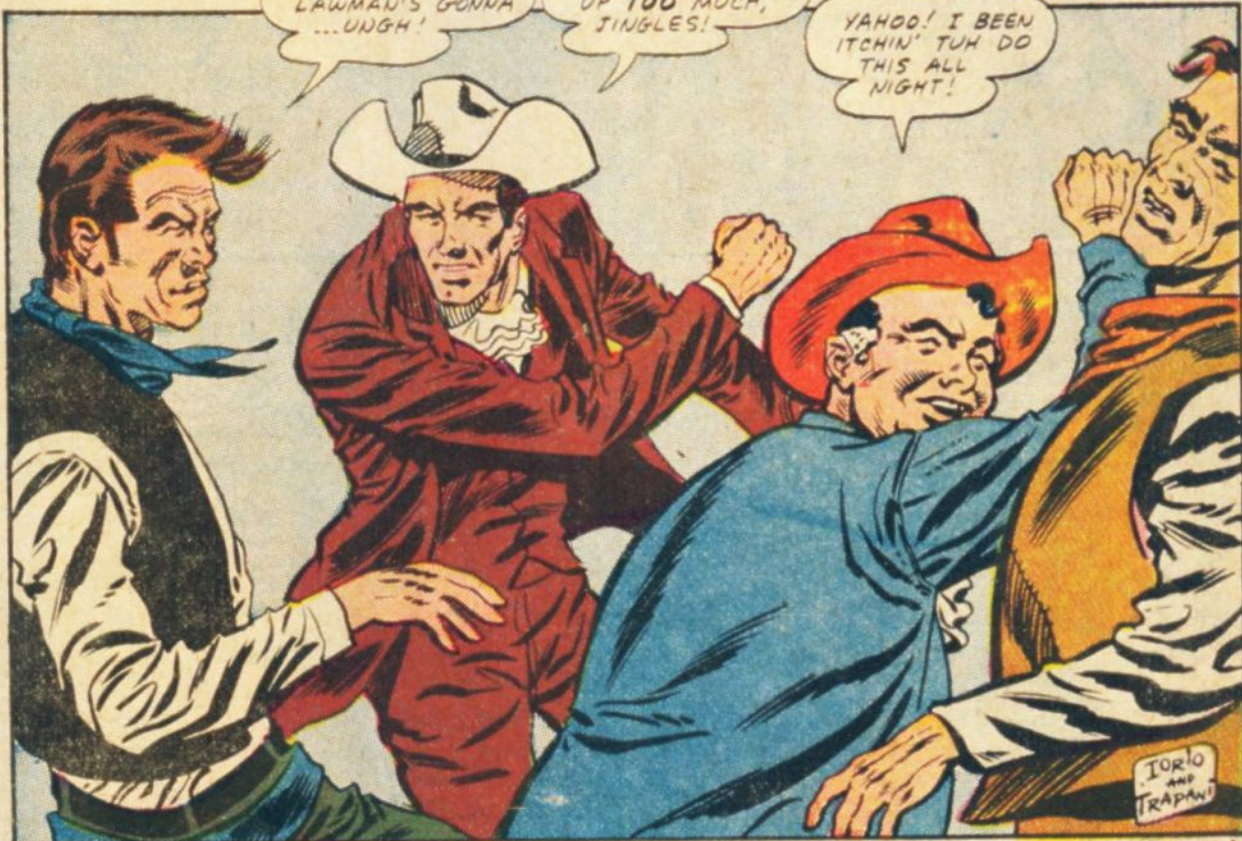
IN A TOWN WHERE A CLEAN SHIRT WAS RARE, WILD BILL AND JINGLES MADE THEIR DEBUT IN FANCY DRESS! THEY LOOKED LIKE TINHORN AND THE JEERING HARDCASES WERE RIPE FOR TROUBLE! BUT THE TOWN-TAMING MARSHAL PROVED THERE WAS HARD STEEL BENEATH THE SILKEN FRILLS!

FULL DRESSED MARSHAL

NO FANCY-PANTS
LAWMAN'S GONNA
...UGH!

DON'T ROUGH 'EM
UP TOO MUCH,
JINGLES!

YAHOO! I BEEN
ITCHIN' TUH DO
THIS ALL
NIGHT!



AN URGENT TELEGRAM FOR HELP BROUGHT WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES TO DIGGERSTOWN! WILD BILL HAD HEARD OF THE PLACE!

HEY, HICKOK, YUH BETTER HAVE
A RETURN TICKET! ICE CREAM
MARSHALS DON'T
LAST IN OUR
TOWN!

LEMME BUST
'IM ONE,
BILL!



SLOW DOWN, JINGLES! HE'S
RIGHT...DIGGERSTOWN IS
TOUGH! AND THE PARTY
THEY'VE ARRANGED FOR
US TONIGHT WON'T HELP
A BIT!



COWBOY WESTERN

A DELEGATION WAS WAITING AT THE STATION...AS TOUGH A BUNCH AS COULD BE FOUND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

LOOK, BOYS! THESE DUDES ARE GONNA QUIET US DOWN! HA, HA! GO BACK WHERE YUH CAME FROM, HICKOK! DON'T LET 'EM THROUGH, BOYS!



THEY'RE NOT BLOCKING ME, UGLY, YOU ARE! NOW, MOVE!



DON'T RILE ME, HICKOK!

I KNOW YOU, JUG McGUIRE-- AND YOU DON'T SCARE ME! TAKE YOUR HAND OFF YOUR GUN OR I'LL CONFISCATE IT!



THE GANG FOLLOWED THEM TO THE HOTEL! THEY DIDN'T WANT LAW AND THEY SHOWED IT!

PHEW! THAT BUNCH IS PRIMED FOR TROUBLE!

WAIT'LL THEY SEE US IN OUR SILK-FRILLED SHIRTS!



WHAT, BILL, YUH WOULDN'T DO... OH, NO!

HURRY UP JINGLES! WE'RE THE GUESTS OF HONOR AT THIS SHINDIG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LET'S GO, JINGLES! REMEMBER-- ACT LIKE YUH WEAR THESE DUDES EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK! DON'T ACT FLUSTERED!



COWBOY WESTERN

JUG McGUIRE AND HIS BUNCH WERE WAITING! THEY JEERED, AND BENEATH THEIR JEERS THERE WAS MENACE!

HEY, FANCY-PANTS, YUH GOIN' TO A TEA PARTY?

THEY GOT DANCIN' SUITS ON, BOYS -- LET'S MAKE 'EM DANCE!



PLAY 'EM A WALTZ, BOYS!



START THE MUSIC, BOYS, I'LL JOIN IN! HOW ABOUT IT, McGUIRE?

NOT NOW, HICKOK!



THE TOWN COUNCIL WAS WAITING! HORACE WILKES WAS THEIR SPOKESMAN!

YOU INSISTED ON HIRIN' HICKOK, GENTS! HERE HE IS, FANCY DUDS AND ALL!

WILKES ORDERED US TO WEAR THE FULL DRESS SUITS, MEN! MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT WILKES IS THE REAL OWNER OF THE GAMBLING SALOONS AND DANCE HALLS HERE!

THAT'S A LIE!



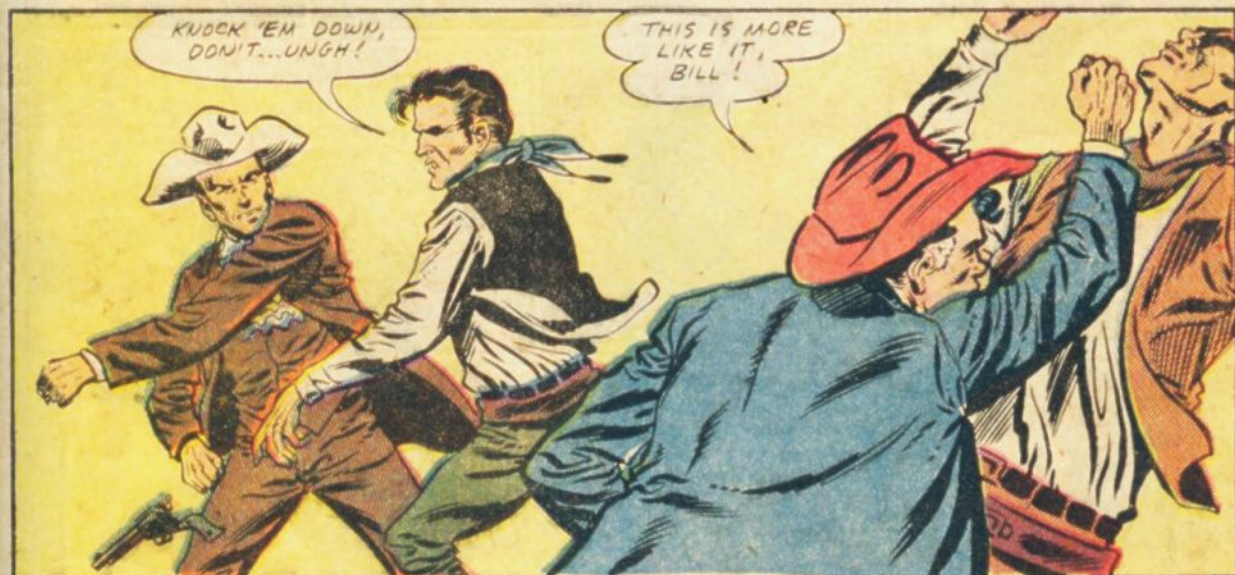
I HAD A FEW RECORDS CHECKED AT THE STATE CAPITOL! HE'S THE BULLY-BOY WHO GIVES McGUIRE'S GANG THEIR ORDERS! WELL, HE SENT FOR ME AT YOUR INSISTENCE! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM LAW AND ORDER -- WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



End

LOOK KIDS! Big Powerful MAGIC MAGNIFIER

for your very own!
IT'S FREE!
JUST MAIL COUPON



**MAGNIFIER
SENT ABSOLUTELY
FREE!**



JUST CLIP AND MAIL COUPON for FREE Magnifier, Big Catalog and Order of Salve

Yes - we'll send you the MAGIC MAGNIFIER absolutely FREE! Also - we'll send Salve, Pictures and Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Fishing Outfits, Dolls, Rifles, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with WHITE CLOVERINE brand SALVE easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c a Tube (with Picture) Rush coupon to start.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON BELOW! FIND OUT HOW WE GIVE YOU

MANY WONDERFUL PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!

MAGIC MAGNIFIER HELPS
BETTY & JIM
SOLVE BIG "JEWEL MYSTERY!"
↓ WHILE "BUG WATCHING".



MAIL COUPON • Magnifier sent FREE!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 tubes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE "MAGIC MAGNIFIER".

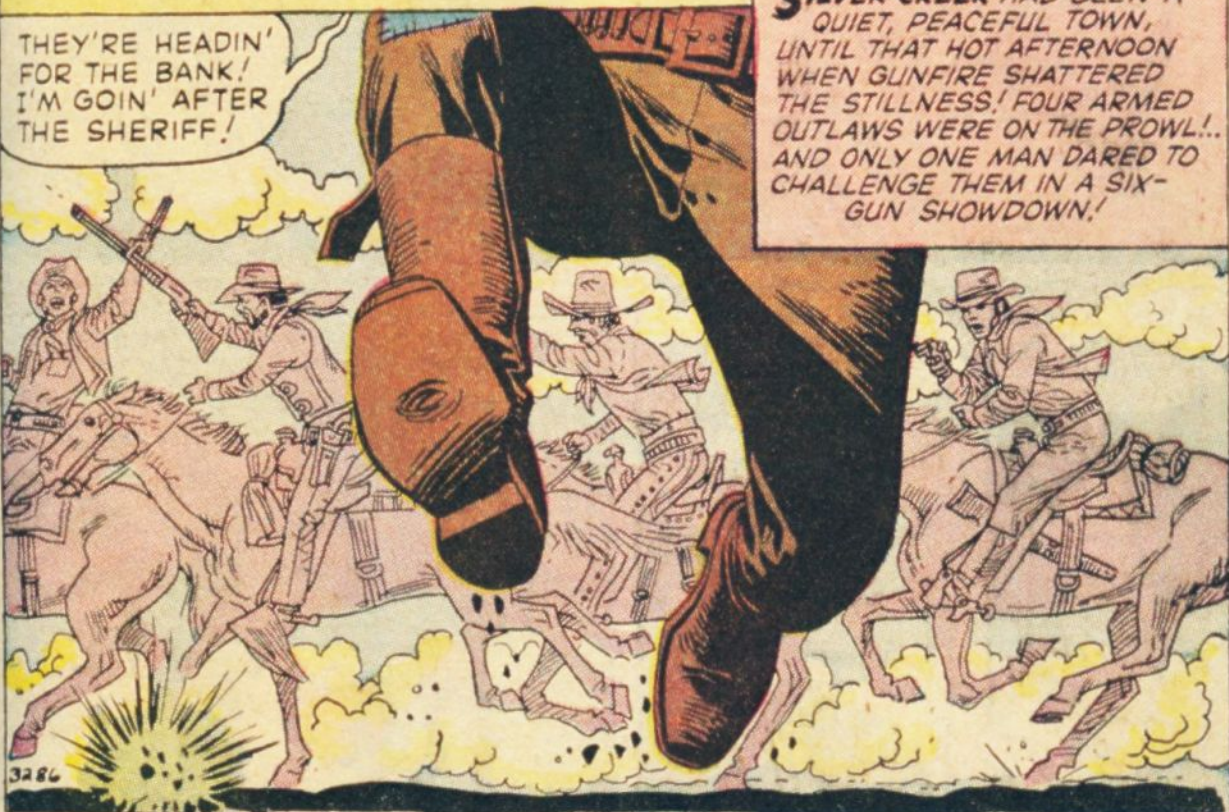
NAME _____ AGE _____
ST _____ RD _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

MARKED MEN!

THEY'RE HEADIN'
FOR THE BANK!
I'M GOIN' AFTER
THE SHERIFF!

SILVER CREEK HAD BEEN A
QUIET, PEACEFUL TOWN,
UNTIL THAT HOT AFTERNOON
WHEN GUNFIRE SHATTERED
THE STILLNESS! FOUR ARMED
OUTLAWS WERE ON THE PROWL...
AND ONLY ONE MAN DARED TO
CHALLENGE THEM IN A SIX-
GUN SHOWDOWN!



YOU TWO STAY ON GUARD... STOP ANYONE
WHO GETS TOO CLOSE! HANK AN' I
WILL DO THE JOB INSIDE!

RIGHT,
MIKE!



FILL THIS SACK,
PRONTO! NO TRICKS
AN' NO ONE WILL
GET HURT!



COWBOY WESTERN

AS THE GANG'S LEADER WATCHED THE CASHIER FILL HIS SACK WITH MONEY, MIKE TAYLOR WAS THINKING ABOUT THE DRAMATIC SCENE WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE THREE DAYS BEFORE...

MY HALF-BROTHER IS A FOOL! HE COULD'VE BEEN ON THIS HAUL!



"I HADN'T SEEN DAN IN OVER A YEAR... FINALLY TRACKED HIM DOWN TO THE RANCH HOUSE WHERE HE SETTLED WITH HIS WIFE..."

KNOCK KNOCK

I'LL GET IT, MARY!



MIKE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN YUMA!

I SERVED MY TIME AN' WAS RELEASED... DECIDED TO LOOK UP MY KID BROTHER!



THIS IS MY WIFE, MARY... I TOLD YUH ABOUT MIKE, DEAR...

THEN YUH KNOW I'M A JAILBIRD! DAN, CAN WE TALK ALONE?



I'M PLANNIN' TO TAKE THE BANK IN SILVER CREEK... HOW ABOUT COMIN' IN WITH ME, DAN?

WHAT!! YOU DARE COME HERE AND ASK ME TO JOIN YOU IN COMMITTING ROBBERY?



GET OUT! THE TIME YOU SERVED IN YUMA SHOULD'VE TAUGHT YOU A LESSON! BETTER FORGET THAT BANK AND GO STRAIGHT!

YUH ALWAYS WAS LAW-ABIDIN', DAN! WELL, I HAVE OTHER FRIENDS I C'N TURN TO!



COWBOY WESTERN

THAT HAD BEEN THREE DAYS AGO... AND NOW MIKE TAYLOR WAS FULFILLING HIS THREAT IN SPITE OF DAN'S ADVICE AND WARNING...

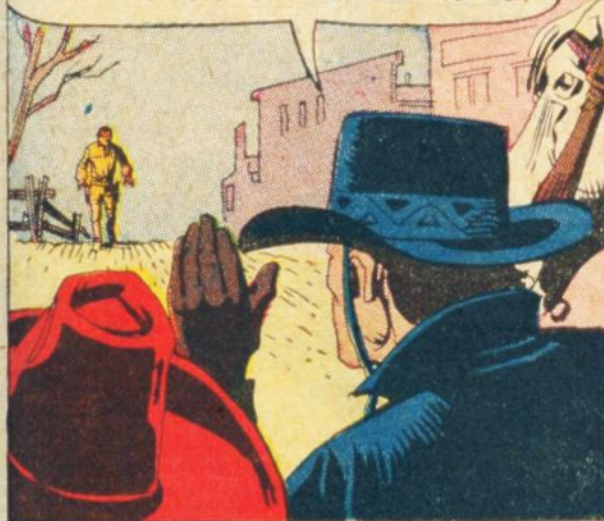
THAT DOES IT!
LET'S GO, HANK!



NOT A PEEP OUT OF THE LOCAL FOLKS, MIKE! YUH SURE PLANNED THIS JOB PERFECT!



HOLD IT, BOYS! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GOT A NOTION TO STAND UP TO US!



DAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO FORGET ABOUT ROBBERING THE BANK, MIKE?



I WARNED YOU TO GO STRAIGHT!

YUH TALK MIGHTY BIG FOR A YOUNG PUP...



I JUST CAME IN FROM THE RANCH... I DON'T WEAR THIS UNLESS I'M ON DUTY!



COWBOY WESTERN



AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Takes secret pictures! Easily carried in the palm of your hand —

only 2" x 1/4"



Easily concealed under a flower in your lapel. While they're kissing, you're photographing. Wow! Won't they be surprised. So many other ways to conceal also.



Your girl friend and other bathing beauties will all relax in their natural poses and make a swell pin-up collection. Through a paper is just one of the many ways to go about it.

LOOK! FREE!

Order right away and receive FREE one roll of fresh film enough for 10 pictures. Additional film available at only 25¢ per roll of 10 exposures.

ONLY
\$1.98



Some exciting event just happened. You're not stuck because your camera is home. Just open the palm of your hand and photograph away. No bulky crazy mass. No bulges. Fits any pocket with ease and goes into action instantly.



Any joke, paper, or document you'd like to have an outline of? Just take out a pack of cigarettes and snap away. It's simple, your camera is inside. There's lots of other clever ways too.

A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return to us and your money will be refunded in full.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. CA-29
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N. Y.
Rush my Secret Camera and free roll of film for \$1.98 at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

Name _____
Address _____

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NAVAL 24 POUNDER.

The famous American gun that kept the enemy away from our shores! This easy-to-build, all plastic model kit contains 56 pieces!

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\$7.00
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Early American machine gun. This model kit contains 44 pieces.

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\$7.00
plus 10¢ postage.

Each kit is precision made and contains brass plated parts and rope and chain! Easy-to-follow instructions are included.

Now, for the first time, you can send for any or all of these beautiful, easy-to-build plastic model kits of famous American cannon. These precision made plastic models have been scaled from official photos.

Each cannon has metalized (brass plated) parts, rope, metal chain and full, easy-to-follow instructions. We believe you will find these new guns the finest historic authentic models you ever saw!

After you have set up and cemented the pieces together, your friends and parents will gaze with admiration at the beauty of these cannon!

Rush coupon immediately with \$7.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling for each cannon or \$3.30 for all three. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.



SEND COUPON IMMEDIATELY!

JOSELY CO., Dept. CSA NO C.O.D.'s
1472 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush the following to me:
____ Naval Gun @ \$1.10
____ Civil War Gun @ \$1.10
____ Gatling Gun @ \$1.10

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

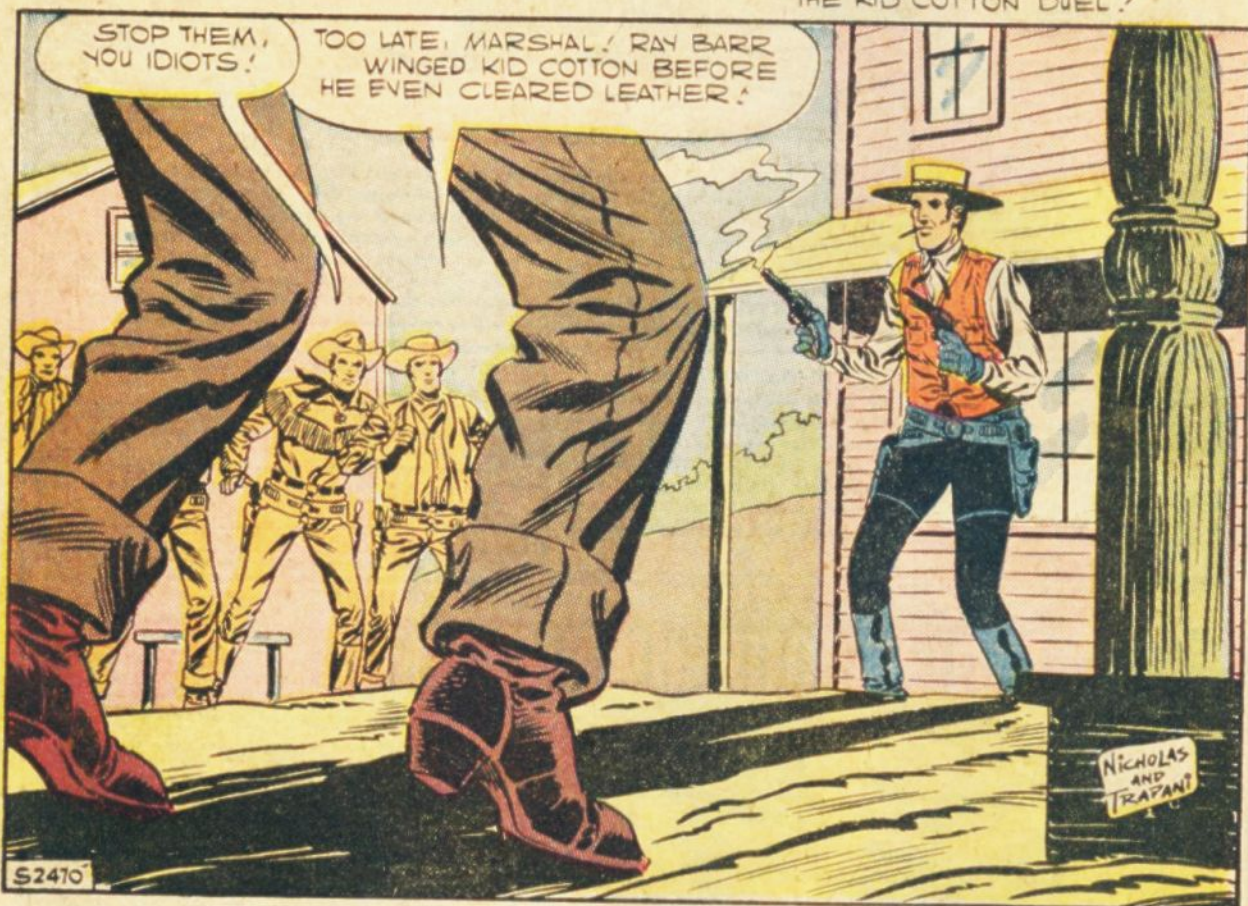
Canadian and Foreign orders add 20¢ each per gun and send International Money Order.

COWBOY WESTERN

in **INVINCIBLE**

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

HE CAME OUT OF THE RIMROCK WHERE EVERY MAN WAS A QUICK-DRAW ARTIST... AND HE WAS THE FASTEST OF THEM ALL! AWED WITNESSES SAID HE COULDN'T BE BEATEN WITH A COLT... AND WILD BILL HICKOK WAS ALMOST READY TO BELIEVE THEM AFTER THE KID COTTON DUEL!



THERE WAS NOTHING MARSHAL HICKOK COULD DO! A DOZEN WITNESSES HAD HEARD KID COTTON CHALLENGE THE BRASH KING OF THE BAD-LANDS...



COWBOY WESTERN

STAY OUTA MY WAY, MARSHAL! THERE'S NO CHARGE AGAINST ME -- IF YUH STEP ON MY TOES, I'LL PUSH!

I'LL ENFORCE THE LAW, BARR. THAT'S ALL!

JUST REMEMBER, MAR... OOOOF!

I DON'T LIKE CIGAR SMOKE, BARR! REMEMBER THAT!

RAY BARR HAD CASH, LOTS OF IT, AND A GANG OF SHADY CHARACTERS FLOCKED TO HIM FAST! HE HAD EVERYONE BUFFALOED..

ONE MOMENT, FRIEND! DON'T DRINK THAT!

WHAT? WHY NOT? I PAID FOR IT!

I SAID NOT TO, FRIEND! I'M BUYIN' THE DRINKS TODAY!

NOT FOR ME, STRANGER! NOW BACK OFF!

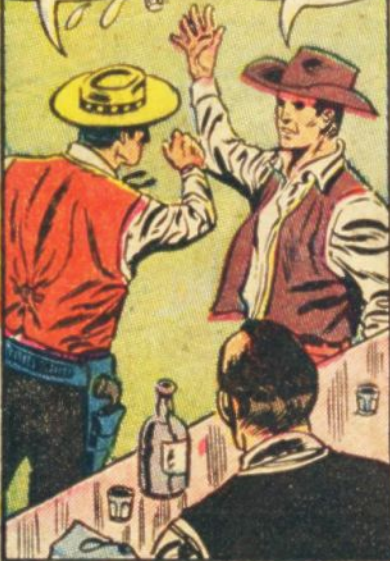
THE PUNCHER WAS IN TROUBLE AND HE KNEW IT! BARR WANTED GUN-PLAY AND THE OTHER WAS NO GUNSLINGER...

DON'T GIMME UP, SONNY! APOLOGIZE OR I'LL WIPE THE FLOOR WITH YUH!

N-NO, YUH WON'T, MISTER!

I WARNED YUH! NOW GO FOR...

HOLD IT, BARR! TRY IT AND I'LL PLUG YUH!



COWBOY WESTERN

THAT'S IT, BARR!
FREEZE! I'M
TAKIN' YOUR GUNS!



GO AHEAD--
TELL 'IM
HOW TOUGH
YUH ARE
NOW,
BARR!



BARR **WAS** AFRAID... AND
EVERYONE KNEW IT! THE
RIDER LEFT AND WILD BILL
THREW BARR'S GUNS ON
THE FLOOR...

I'LL GET
EVEN, HICKOK! NO MAN
EVER DID THAT TO ME AN'
LIVED! I'LL SHOW
YUH ALL!



BARR'S SHATTERED EGO NEEDED
BOLSTERING FAST! WHEN ACE
NICIO CAME ALONG, HE HAD THE
TARGET HE NEEDED...

YUH WANT
SOMETHIN',
FRIEND?

YEAH-- I WANT
CLEAN AIR TUH
BREATHE! GET
OUT! DON'T DRINK
THAT, JUST
LEAVE!



YOU'RE A FAKE BAD MAN, BARR!
I'VE RIDDEN CROOKED TRAILS
WITH REAL
BAD MEN!
YOU'RE A
FAKE!

LET'S GO OUT
IN BACK,
JUST YOU
AN' ME!



COWBOY WESTERN

THEY WERE BOTH OUTLAWS AND NO ONE WOULD MOURN EITHER! BUT THE MEN LISTENING FLINCHED AS THREE SHOTS BOOMED FROM OUT-SIDE...



SOMEONE GO LOOK! HE SHOT FIRST!



YUH SHOT ONCE OR TWICE, BARR? GIVE ME THE GUN AN' FOLLOW ME!

WHY, I SHOT ONCE! WHY?

ACE VICIO HAD RIDDEN HIS LAST CROOKED TRAIL! BILL EXAMINED ACE'S GUN...



HE SHOT ONCE TOO, BARR -- BUT WE HEARD THREE SHOTS! WHO HELPED YUH?

TRY AN' PROVE IT, HICKOK! AN' HAND ME BACK MY GUN!

IT LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE SELF DEFENSE TUH 'CLEAR YUH, BARR! HERE'S YORE GUN AN' SOME ADVICE! RIDE OUT -- WE DON'T WANT YUH HERE!

YOU CAN ALWAYS TAKE OFF YOUR STAR AN' TRY ME OUT, HICKOK! I'LL BE HERE AROUND NOON, FOR INSTANCE!



WILD BILL DIDN'T ANSWER... HE TURNED AWAY! LATER...

HOW WAS THAT, BARR? NO ONE KNOWS A THING, EITHER!

THAT WAS FINE, BEADY EYES! BUT HICKOK SUSPECTS! WE GOT TO STOP 'IM BEFORE HE JUGS US BOTH FOR MURDER! LISTEN...

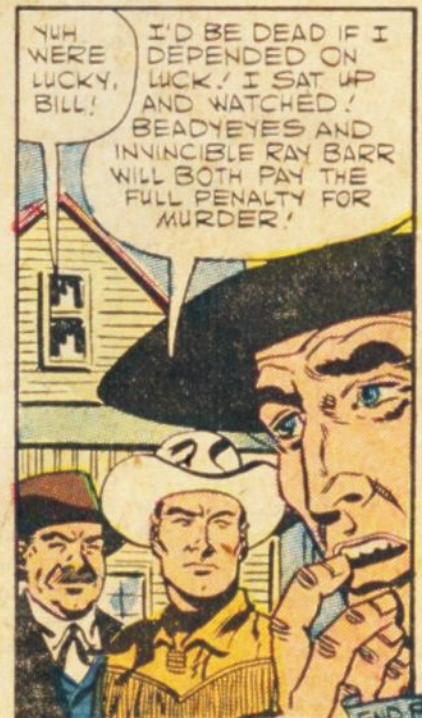


THAT NIGHT, DEFT HANDS FOUND THE MARSHAL'S GUNS HUNG ON A CHAIR NEAR THE WINDOW! HIS TASK TOOK ONLY A MOMENT...



COWBOY WESTERN

THE
ENTIRE
TOWN
KNEW
OF
BARR'S
CHALLENGE!
HE
REPEATED
IT
TWENTY
TIMES
THAT
MORNING...



END



SOME SADDLE

Twice during the month of July, 1876, the stage from Deadwood to Blakersville had been held up by three armed and masked road agents. They relieved the passengers only of their money. Then they took all the revolvers and rifles aboard the coach. These weapons were later found near the side of the road at Turner's Crossing.

Sheriff Frank Kellor of Deadwood met with City Marshal Jim Bell at Fort Sill. Law and order was going to be maintained and the guilty men caught. Of that they were more than certain as they awaited the arrival of a third law man. A room had been given to them at Fort Sill by Colonel Gilbert.

Late in the afternoon a man walked into that room and both law men rose to greet him. The man wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl handled Colt's .45. The famous law man of the West smiled as he greeted his two friends.

"Good to see the two of you. I was out on the Coast for the past month on official business. I spoke to Mr. Davis Chusham, president of the Western Overland Routes, and we have a very simple system that certainly will baffle those road agents. The next stage leaves in three days from Deadwood. Suppose we go there and you will watch part of the plan in operation."

The three law men discussed other matters. They remained at Fort Sill over the night and left for Deadwood the next morning. They arrived there late at night and all went to Sheriff Kellor's home. There they stayed until an hour before the stage was due to leave for Blakersville. Then the three law men went to the waiting room of the coach company. Mr. David Chusham greeted them and then spoke to

the nine passengers who were seated on comfortable chairs.

"I have no wish to alarm you. There is a possibility that this stage may be stopped by road agents. All of you are carrying money upon your persons. This is what we are going to do. We will give you personal bank drafts upon the Second National Bank of Blakersville. We will also notify the stage driver to see that you get all your meals without paying for them at the various stations along the route. We will make no charge for the bank drafts.

The amount you pay for the ticket includes the meals. Notice that you carry no money on your person. So you have nothing to worry about."

The stage left on time and all the passengers followed the advice given to them.

"Somebody is going to get an unusual surprise if the stage should be held up," smiled City Marshal Jim Bell. "There is nothing to steal!"

The stage was not stopped. The same idea was tried with the next five stages that left. The last of the five was held up by three road agents. When they discovered that not one of the passengers had a cent on his or her person, they were baffled. They followed the stage coach for half a mile and then cut across the desert and vanished. When the stage reached Blakersville, City Marshal Jim Bell learned what had happened. He immediately went to the Tompkins Hotel where the Prince Albert Kid was staying.

"Come on with me over to the stage office. There's an old lady who wants to speak to you. She's a retired school teacher. A Mrs. Edna Horton. She came out here to live with her married daughter. She says she ob-

served something that might be of interest and of help in catching the road agents. She is waiting for you."

A gray haired middle aged woman smiled as she met the famous law man of the West.

"I have read all about you," she complimented him. "How you have helped to bring law and order into the territory. I always taught my students to be observant. So I used my two eyes and my two ears."

One of those road agents remained on his horse. He did not hold the reins of the other two horses. It was the two dismounted men who looked through our purses and packages. Why was that man mounted? There must be some reason why he too didn't dismount. So perhaps you have a clue there.

They followed the stage coach for about half a mile. Sometimes this man on the horse, whom I figure was the leader, rode at the side of our stage. I heard a peculiar noise from his saddle. Like a swish-swash, Hush-Bush. Rather musical. If that man were to ride on his horse again and on that saddle, I could identify the sound."

The Prince Albert Kid didn't reply for a few minutes. He was doing some quick and important thinking.

"There are rewards totalling two thousand dollars for information leading to the capture of those road agents," he told Mrs. Edna Horton. "I will remain here for the next three days. You go and visit your daughter. Then on the third day we will have a comfortable wagon to take you for a trip of about thirty miles to Willerstown. There is a very famous saddle maker there. Perhaps he can figure out why those noises were made."

Mrs. Edna Horton went to see her daughter, her son-in-law, and her grandchild. She was excited about what had happened. And there was a gleam in her eye as she said.

"I may be a retired school teacher but I don't think I am exactly retired. I am going to help the Prince Albert Kid."

City Marshal Jim Bell hired a very comfortable buggy from the livery stable. He drove it with Mrs. Edna Horton at his side. The Prince Albert Kid rode on his horse. They made the trip in several hours. Robert Padget, maker of the well known Padget Saddles, was pleasantly surprised to meet the three unexpected visitors. Mrs. Edna Horton explained to him the sounds. She even hummed them. In his work shop he had many saddles. He moved the stirrup straps up and down on one saddle.

"If the Prince Albert Kid will follow directions and put this saddle on his horse, I think we can duplicate those sounds."

The law man changed saddles and did as he was told. He stretched his two legs all the way

down and slightly under the horse. Then he rode up and down on the horse.

"That's almost the same sound," exclaimed an excited Mrs. Edna Horton. "What causes it?"

"The rider is a rather tall man," explained the saddle maker. "He is trying not to show his height. He is stretching his legs down. There should be a rub near the bottom of the saddle. Since he was so tall, he didn't get off his horse. It is even possible that the other two men with him use pads underneath their saddles. That would make the two men look about the same height as the other man when they rode their horses."

The two law men then went to visit Sheriff Jed Lemkins of Willerstown.

"We are looking for a rather tall man," said the Prince Albert Kid. "He might be about six foot three, four or five. He would also have two friends smaller than himself. Know such a man?"

"I do," replied Sheriff Jed Lemkins. "Gus Wiley is your tall man. His two friends are Mike Ramerson and Phil Hartwood. Gus Wiley lives by himself in a cabin over the ridge. I'll saddle up and go with you."

It was an hour drive to Gus Wiley's cabin. They felt it best to leave Mrs. Edna Horton in the sheriff's office. When they arrived at the cabin, Gus Wiley was chopping some wood.

"If you gents want some hot coffee, I'll have it soon on my stove for you," he said.

"Just want to see your saddle," replied The Prince Albert Kid.

Gus Wiley offered no protest. He was puzzled and soon gave the saddle to the famous law man of the West. It was examined and then handed to the other two law men. They all saw the rub near the bottom of the saddle.

"Would you put this on your horse and ride exactly the way you did when you held up the stage coach?" asked the Prince Albert Kid.

Gus Wiley turned a deadly white. He didn't know just what to say. Finally he burst out in anger.

"So Mike talked! I bet he thought he could get part of the reward money. It was all his idea. And it flopped. We weren't cut out to be robbers."

"No man is cut out to be a criminal," interrupted the Prince Albert Kid. "You and your friends will have a lot of time in jail to ponder over that."

Mrs. Edna Horton insisted that Mr. Padget take half the reward, because he had actually interpreted the clues.

"A wonderful woman," admitted the Saddle Maker. "I'm a widower and she's a widow. Guess I should call on her."

THE END

COWBOY WESTERN

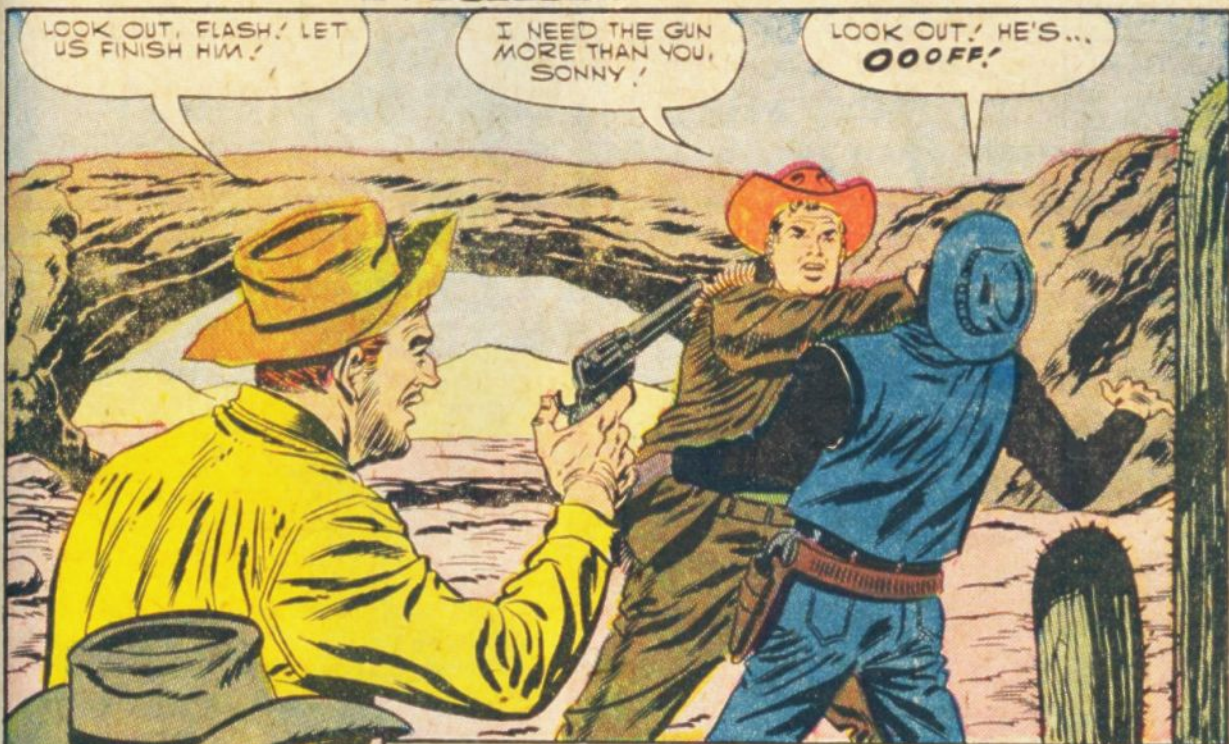
Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Hickok

in 'WANTED'

WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WERE RESPECTED AROUND TOWN... BUT WHEN YOUNG, POPULAR CURLY AMES WENT DOWN BEFORE JINGLES' ROARING GUNS, THE RESPECT TURNED TO FEAR, AND THE LAWMEN WERE WARNED NOT TO USE THEIR COLTS AGAIN. AND EVERY GUNMAN THE FIGHTING LAWMEN HAD EVER BUCKED CAME, THEIR SIXGUNS READY TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY...



LOOK OUT, FLASH! LET US FINISH HIM!

I NEED THE GUN MORE THAN YOU, SONNY!

LOOK OUT! HE'S...
OOOFF!



A FEW DAYS BEFORE, JINGLES HEARD THE USUAL PAYDAY RIOT START IN FINCH WALKER'S CAFE! HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO BREAK IT UP...

I'M A CURLY WOLF! JINGLES AIN'T AGOIN' TUH JUG ME TODAY!

HOLD IT, CURLY! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF JINGLES, ARE YUH?



ME AFRAID OF THAT OVER-STUFFED LAW-MAN? I'LL FIGHT HIM ANY TIME HE SAYS!

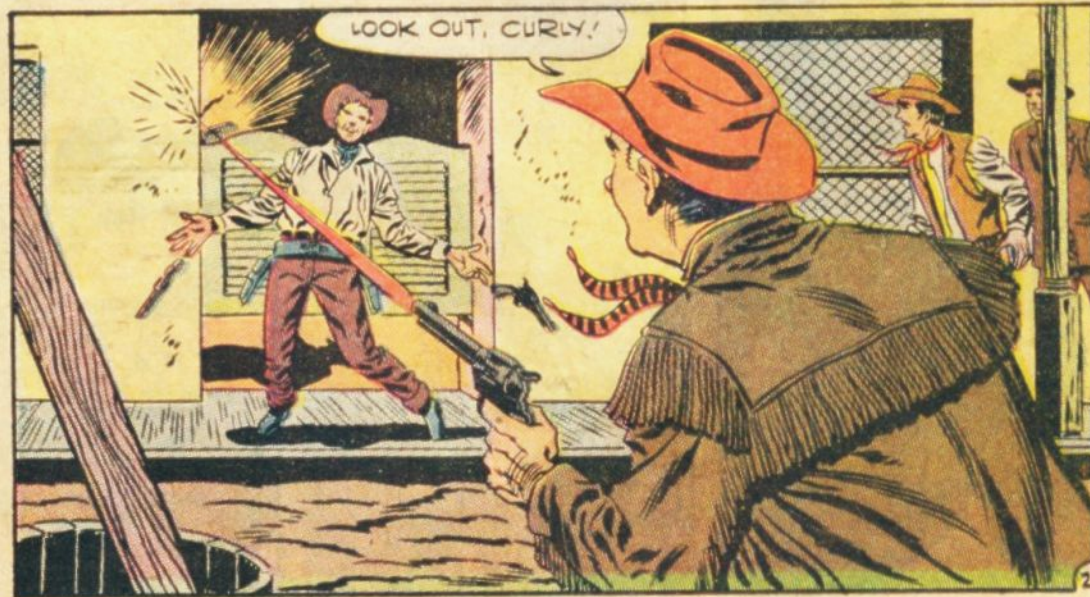
JINGLES BRAGS HE CAN BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW AND SHOOT THE BUTTONS OFF YOUR SHIRT!



COWBOY WESTERN



JINGLES EXPECTED ANOTHER FIST FIGHT INSIDE! BUT HE NEVER GOT IN FINCH WALKER'S PLACE...



CURLY WAS FAST BUT JINGLES HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO DRAW... BUT ANOTHER GUN FIRED FIRST...

COWBOY WESTERN



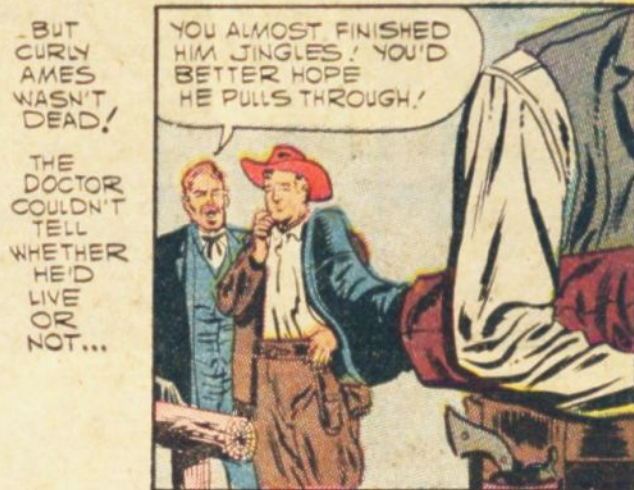
LOOK OUT, JUDGE!
SOME RANNY
AMBUSHED
CURLY
AMES!

YES, I SAW **YOU**
SHOOT HIM DOWN,
JINGLES!



YOU'VE GONE
TOO FAR, JINGLES! IF
CURLY AMES IS
DEAD, I'LL...

POOR CURLY
WAS HARMLESS!



BUT
CURLY
AMES
WASN'T
DEAD!

THE
DOCTOR
COULDN'T
TELL
WHETHER
HE'D
LIVE
OR
NOT...

YOU ALMOST FINISHED
HIM JINGLES! YOU'D
BETTER HOPE
HE PULLS THROUGH!



I'LL TAKE YOUR WEAPONS
RIGHT NOW! TELL HICKOK
TO HANG UP HIS GUNS
TOO! WE DON'T WANT
LAWMEN SHOOTIN' DOWN
HARMLESS KIDS!



LATER, IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

I REALLY MESSED THAT UP,
BILL! I SAW SOMEONE
TAKE A SHOT AT
CURLY BUT THE JUDGE
KEPT ME FROM
CATCHIN' HIM!

FINCH WALKER
DREAMED THIS UP!
HE'LL COME FOR
US NOW--WE'LL
BE READY!



IT WAS
QUIET
FOR TWO
DAYS ...
BUT
STRANGE
FACES
APPEARED
IN TOWN!
STRANGE
TO
EVERY
ONE BUT
THE
MARSHAL...

THERE'S HALF A DOZEN
GUNSLINGERS HERE NOW!
WALKER MUST'VE SENT
WORD THAT WE'RE NOT
CARRYING GUNS!

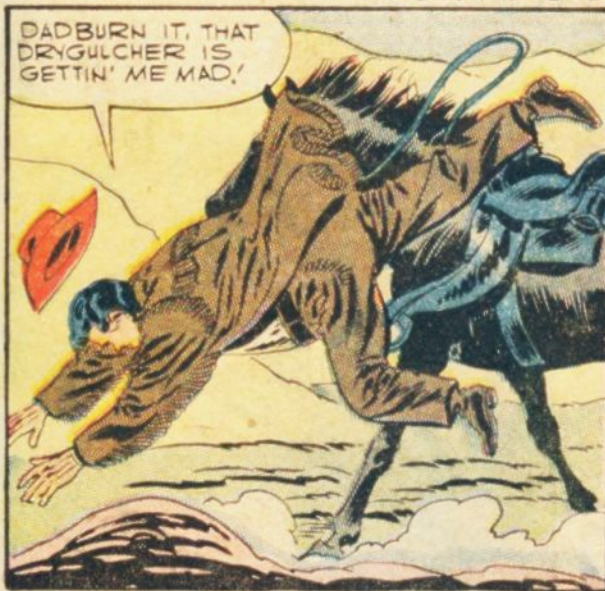
COWBOY WESTERN



ANOTHER DAY SLID BY. ON THE NEXT, JINGLES RODE OUT TO CHECK ON A REPORT ON RUSTLING ...



COWBOY WESTERN



THE SUN BOILED DOWN... AND FINCH WALKER WAITED FOR JINGLES TO MOVE FROM BEHIND THE ROCK ON THE LEVEL BELOW...



COWBOY WESTERN

WALKER'S LAWYER GOT THEM ALL OUT ON BAIL THE SAME DAY! WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WAITED FOR THE NEXT MOVE...

MARSHAL, A BUNCH OF OWLHOOTERS ARE ROBBING THE BANK!



WE FIGGERED YUH'D FALL FOR IT, HICKOK! WE GET THE BANK MONEY PLUS THE REWARD FINCH WALKER PROMISED FOR DOWNIN' YOU TWO!



OUTLAW TRIGGER FINGERS TIGHTEN-ED... JUST AS JUDGE HURLEY TOSS-ED GUNS TO WILD BILL AND JINGLES...

CURLY CLEARED YOU, JINGLES! THERE'S YOUR GUN, AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, BILL!

THIS IS A HEAP BETTER!

GET 'EM BEFORE THEY GET A... UNGH!



I WAS WAITIN' FOR YOU, VIEJOS!



HALF A DOZEN OWLHOOTERS WOUND UP IN CELLS! AND WILD BILL AND JINGLES BREATHED EASY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A WEEK...

HEY, CHARLIE NICHOLAS IS BUSTIN' UP THE CRYSTAL SALOON!

I'LL DEAL WITH CHARLIE, BUT I'M LEAVIN' MY GUNS HERE!



END

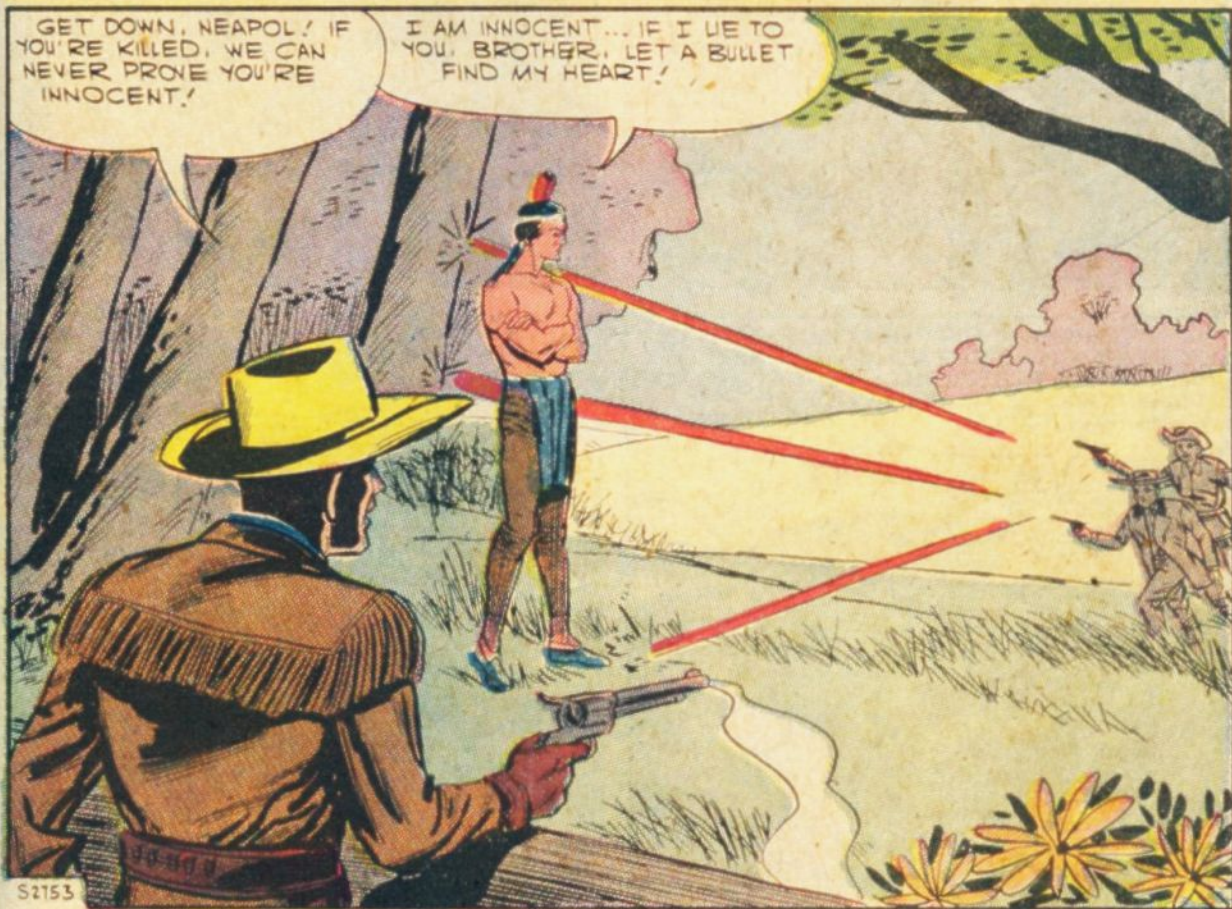
COWBOY WESTERN

RED BROTHER

THE PAYMASTER HAD BEEN ROBBED... THE SERGEANT ESCORTING HIM WAS DEAD... AND CLETUS POOLE, THE CIVILIAN PAYMASTER, DESCRIBED NEAPOL, DUNCAN MEADE'S BLOOD BROTHER, AS THE LEADER OF THE BAND WHO DID IT. IF IT WERE TRUE, MEADE HAD TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE... IF NOT, THE INDIAN SCOUT HAD TO LEARN THE REAL TRUTH!

GET DOWN, NEAPOL! IF YOU'RE KILLED, WE CAN NEVER PROVE YOU'RE INNOCENT!

I AM INNOCENT... IF I LIE TO YOU, BROTHER, LET A BULLET FIND MY HEART!



S2153

THE FRONTIER TEETERED ON THE EDGE OF WAR WHEN DUNCAN MEADE ARRIVED AT THE POST! COLONEL MAYES TOOK HIS REPORT...

THEN YOU THINK THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNE WANT PEACE?

I SURE DO, COLONEL! THIS TROUBLE LATELY'S BEEN STIRRED UP BY 'WHITES.'



COLONEL MAYES! HOLD-UP! INDIANS DID IT! THEY GOT SERGEANT ANDRE!

WHAT? BUT I THOUGHT... GET THE DOCTOR! SEE IF MR. POOLE IS HURT!



COWBOY WESTERN

FOUR SIOUX JUMPED US! LEADER WAS POWERFUL, LIMPED BADLY! AMBUSHED US NEAR HERE A SPRINGS.

A BIG SIOUX WITH A LIMP? THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR! KNOW HIM, MEADE?



YES, THE INDIAN SCOUT KNEW WHO THE DESCRIPTION FITTED! BUT THERE WAS AN ANSWER BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK...

I KNOW THE BUCK, SIR! IT MUST BE NEAPOL -- A SUB-CHIEF OF THE SIOUX! HE'S A BAD ACTOR, COLONEL!

THEY'VE GOT THE MONEY THEY NEED FOR GUNS NOW, MEADE...



YOUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE INDIANS STEERED YOU WRONG AGAIN! MASTERS IS FRESH FROM ARIZONA AND HE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO!

SEEMS LIKE HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THIS HOLD-UP ANYHOW!



THE INDIAN YOU SAY IS MY BLOOD BROTHER, MASTERS! AND HE'S NO THIEF! I'LL BE BACK TUH MAKE YUH EAT YORE ACCUSATION! YOU AND POOLE BOTH!



DUNCAN MEADE RODE OUT! HIS EXPERIENCED EYES PICKED OUT INDIAN SIGNS OFTEN... BUT HE AVOIDED THE ROAMING BANDS! HE LOOKED FOR NEAPOL...

THERE'S A SPRING UP HERE NOT MANY KNOW ABOUT -- NEAPOL USED TUH COME HERE WHEN HE WANTED TUH BE ALONE! HE'LL BE HERE NOW!

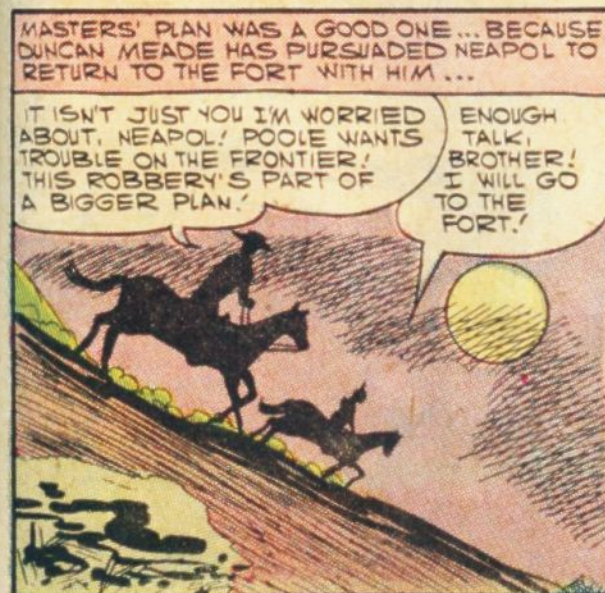
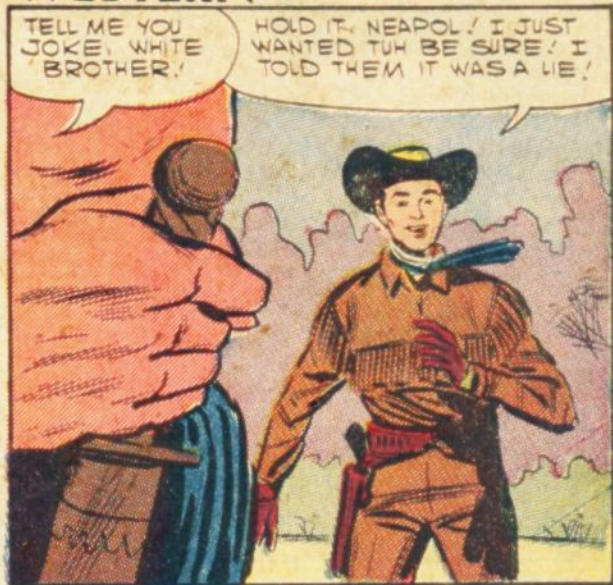


STAND, PALEFACE! YOU HAVE LOST YOUR CUNNING, BROTHER!

I KNEW YOU WERE THERE, NEAPOL! I COULD'VE GUNNED YUH FIRST!



COWBOY WESTERN



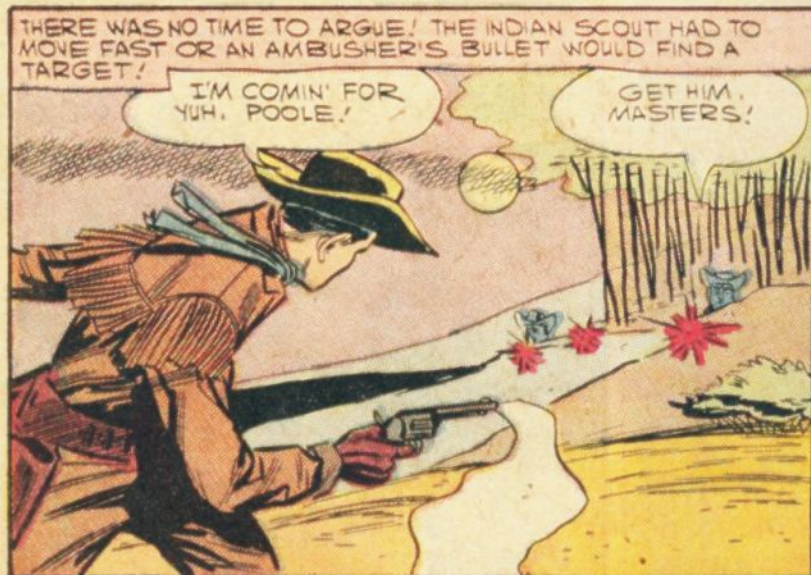
COWBOY WESTERN



IT'S POOLE AND
TOM MASTERS!
GET DOWN!
THEY DON'T
WANT US TO GET
TUH THE FORT
ALNE, NEAPOL!



LET THEM WASTE
THEIR LEAD! I
AM INNOCENT--
THEY WILL NOT
HARM ME!



THERE WAS NO TIME TO ARGUE! THE INDIAN SCOUT HAD TO
MOVE FAST OR AN AMBUSER'S BULLET WOULD FIND A
TARGET!

I'M COMIN' FOR
YUH, POOLE!

GET HIM,
MASTERS!



WAIT! I-I
GNE UP!



LOST YORE NERVE, EH, POOLE?
WHERE'S THE MONEY? NEAPOL
HASN'T GOT IT! YOU AND
MASTERS PULLED THE DEAL,
DIDN'T YOU?

KEEP
NEAPOL
AWAY!
I'LL
TALK...



NEAPOL'S EYES ARE KEEN -- THAT
MOUNTAIN IS HIGH! THIS SQUAW MAN
AND THE OTHER SHOT THE SOLDIER!
I SAW THEM FROM A GREAT
DISTANCE! I WILL SHOW YOU,
WHITE BROTHER!

COWBOY WESTERN

THAT WAS MORE THAN POOLE HAD BARGAINED FOR! HE AND MASTERS TALKED THAT OVER IN A HURRY WHILE DUNCAN MEADE GOT READY TO RIDE...

THAT REDSKIN SEEN US, MASTERS! WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE BOTH GOT HIDE-OUT GUNS-- WE'LL USE 'EM WHEN WE COME TUH THE MONEY CACHE!



THE HOLD-UP SCENE WAS ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! NEAPOL TOOK THEM THERE WITHOUT WASTING TIME...

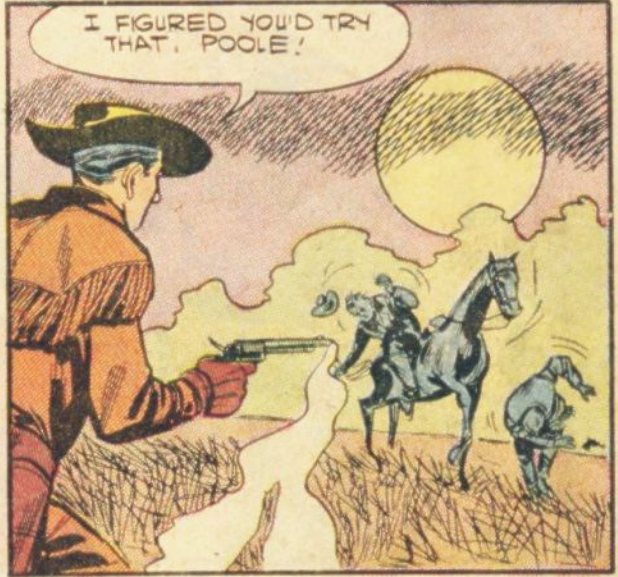
THE MONEY WILL BE NEAR!



NOW, MASTERS!



I FIGURED YOU'D TRY THAT, POOLE!



POOLE BABBLERD THE REST OF IT EAGERLY! HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE FORT AND A DOCTOR! HE WAS THERE AN HOUR LATER...

SO POOLE AND MASTERS PLANNED THE HOLD-UP! BUT WHY BLAME NEAPOL?

MASTERS CAME IN WITH A LOAD OF GUNS! HE AN' POOLE WERE GONNA SELL THEM TO THE INDIANS! THEY'D GET RICH IF A FRONTIER WAR WAS STARTED!



THEIR LIE ABOUT NEAPOL MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! YOU SEE, NEAPOL BELIEVES IN PEACE ON THE FRONTIER TOO! HE AND I WORK TOGETHER! WHEN THEY NAMED HIM, I KNEW THEY WERE GUILTY! AND I KNEW THEY WOULD TRAIL ME!



END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

SHOWDOWN STREET

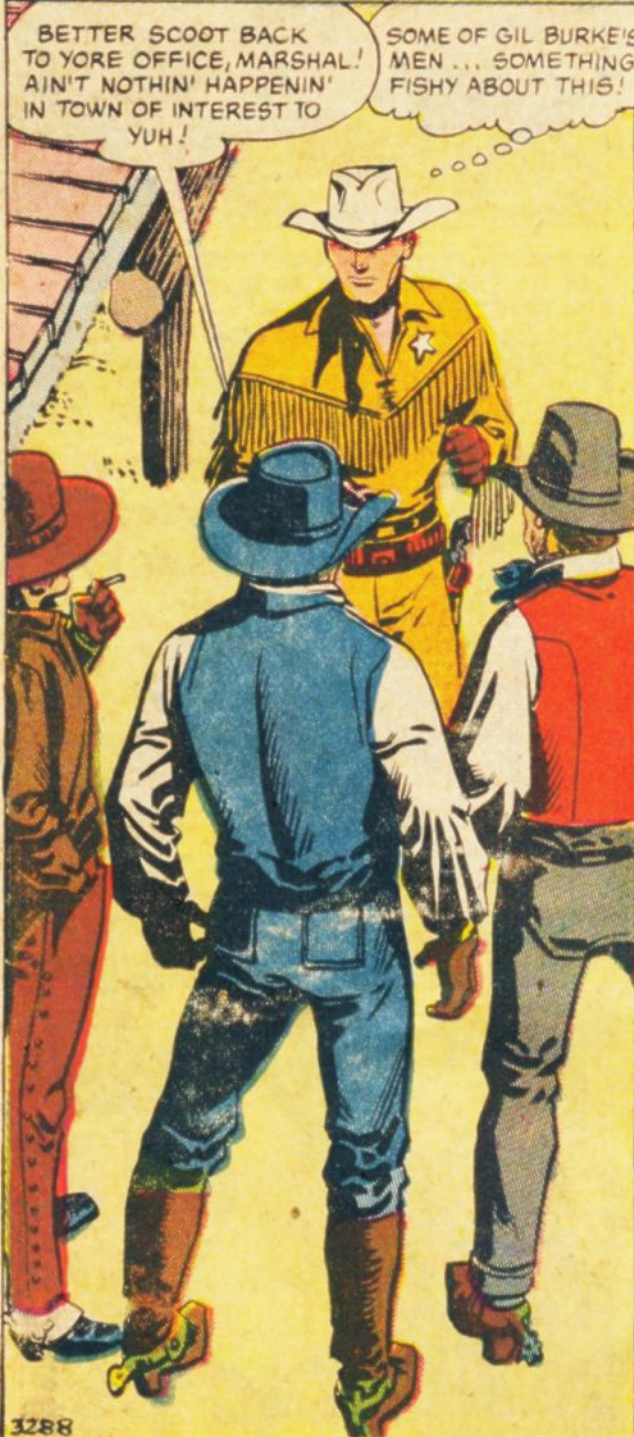
THE SCALES WERE BALANCED DELICATELY BETWEEN LAW AND ORDER ON ONE SIDE, AND OUT-LAWRY ON THE OTHER! IT ALL DEPENDED ON WHO WOULD HAVE HIS WAY IN THE TOWN... THE SAVAGE GIL BURKE OR THE FEARLESS FRONTIER MARSHAL... WILD BILL HICKOK!

BETTER SCOOT BACK TO YORE OFFICE, MARSHAL! AIN'T NOTHIN' HAPPENIN' IN TOWN OF INTEREST TO YUH!

SOME OF GIL BURKE'S MEN ... SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!

OUT OF THE WAY... I'VE GOT MY ROUNDS TO MAKE!

STOP HIM, BOYS!



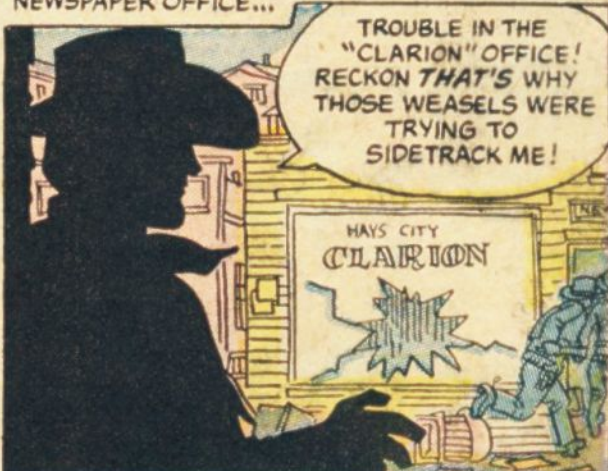
YOU'RE ACHING FOR SOME ACTION, EH? ALL RIGHT.



COWBOY WESTERN



THE MARSHAL RETRACTED HIS STEPS ALONG THE MAIN STREET, UNTIL HE NEARED THE TOWN'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...



COWBOY WESTERN



THEY TRIED, BURKE...
NOW THEY'RE RECOVERING
IN MY JAIL!

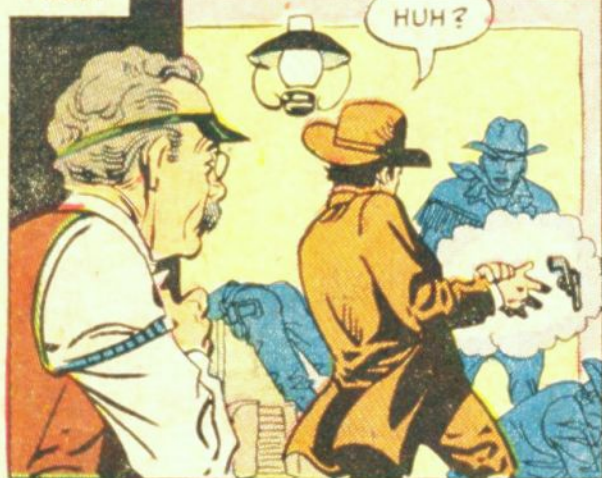
THIS TOWN AIN'T
BIG ENOUGH FOR
BOTH OF US,
HICKOK! TAKE
HIM, BOYS!

BUT THE TOUGHS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE
FIGHTING MARSHAL! THEN GIL BURKE REACHED
INSIDE HIS JACKET AND REMOVED A HIDDEN GUN...



THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!
WHEN I'M DONE, I'LL BE
GIVING THE ORDERS IN
THIS TOWN!

THE SPEED AND ACCURACY OF THE FAMOUS
SHARPSHOOTING MARSHAL WERE LEGENDARY,
AND...



HUH?



NOW... WHAT
STARTED ALL
THIS, MISTER
HIGGINS?

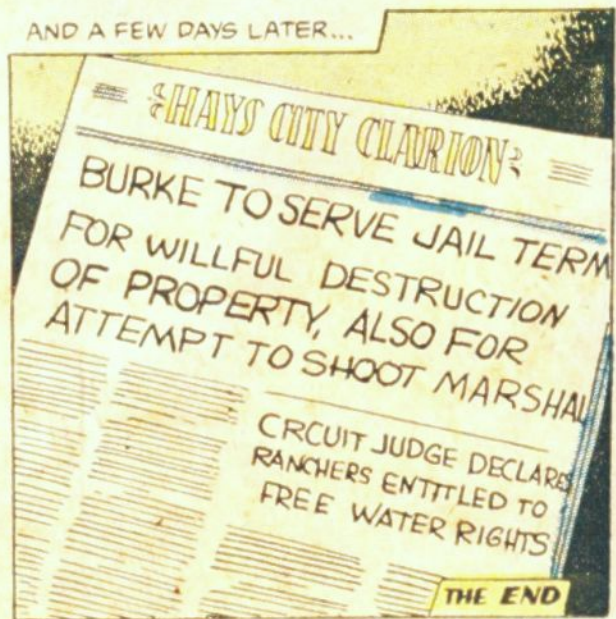
BURKE WAS THREATENIN'
TO DAM UP THE RIVER AS IT
CROSSES THRU HIS LAND,
UNLESS THE RANCHERS PAY
EXORBITANT RATES
FOR WATER RIGHTS!



I RAN AN EDITORIAL
YESTERDAY, URGIN' FOLKS
TO TAKE LEGAL ACTION
TO STOP BURKE!

I'LL HELP YOU REPAIR
THE PRINTING PRESS...
AN' I CAN SEE THE
HEADLINES NOW...

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...



HAYS CITY CLARION

BURKE TO SERVE JAIL TERM
FOR WILLFUL DESTRUCTION
OF PROPERTY, ALSO FOR
ATTEMPT TO SHOOT MARSHAL

CIRCUIT JUDGE DECLARES
RANCHERS ENTITLED TO
FREE WATER RIGHTS

THE END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

at the GOVERNOR'S BALL

WHEN THE GOVERNOR'S SPECIAL TRAIN STOPPED AT RAWHIDE, JINGLES WAS RIGHT THERE TAKING IN THE SIGHTS! HE WAS LOOKING HARD SO HE SAW MORE THAN MOST FOLKS... HE SPOTTED SLIM NICHOLS, CURLY JONES, AND IKE MCGRAW HOLDING UP THE EXPRESS CAR! AND THAT WAS WHAT GOT HIM THE INVITE TO THE GOVERNOR'S BALL!



THERE'S THE CHUBBY COOT WHO RUINED OUR PLAN ON THE TRAIN!

YEAH! GIVE HIM A SCARE!

DANG IT, YUH RUINED MY OUTFIT AGAIN! I'M GONNA TEACH YOU SIDEWINDERS A LESSON!

JINGLES WAS ALL SET FOR A BIG DAY WHEN HE RODE TO RAWHIDE! JOKER WAS DUDED UP SPECIAL AND JINGLES EVEN COMBED HIS HAIR!



YUH LOOK PLUMB ELEGANT, JOKER! I'M KINDA PURTY MYSELF! WOULDN'T WANT THE GOVERNOR TUH SEE US LOOKIN' SLOPPY, HUH?



THREE CHEERS FOR THE GOVERNOR!

ISN'T HE CUTE, DADDY?

THAT'S JINGLES, HELEN, WILD BILL HICKOK'S SIDE-KICK!

COWBOY WESTERN

JINGLES PUSHED FORWARD TO SHAKE HANDS FRIENDLY-LIKE WHEN HE SAW A FAMILIAR FACE... A REAL OWLHOOTER!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JINGLES... WHAT'S WRONG?

I'LL TELL YUH LATER, YOUR HONOR! 'SCUSE ME!

JEST LIKE I FIGGERED! THEM GALLOOTS ARE AFTER THE MONEY SHIPMENT!



WATCH IT, SLIM! THERE'S A FAT... OOOF!

I AIN'T FAT, SONNY, I'M JEST PLEASINGLY PLUMP!



JINGLES WAS A WILDCAT WHEN HE GOT GOING... SECONDS LATER THE TRIO WERE RIDING FOR THEIR LIVES...

WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT THEM, JINGLES? THEY TRIED TO SHOOT YOU!

'CAUSE MY GUNS WERE EMPTY, THAT'S WHY! SHOT ALL THE BULLETS TUH GREET YOUR PAPPY!



JINGLES IS A REAL HERO, DADDY! CAN HE BE MY ESCORT AT THE BALL TONIGHT?

SHUCKS, GAL, YUH SHOULD'VE TOLD ME SOONER! I WENT AN' GOT DUSTY FIGHTIN' THEM OWLHOOTERS!



DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, JINGLES! I HAVE A COUPLE OF FORMAL SUITS ON THE TRAIN! HELEN WILL GET THEM FOR YOU!

HE'LL LOOK DEVINE, DADDY, YOU'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME SIZE!



COWBOY WESTERN

A HALF HOUR LATER...

GITTIN' IN TUH THIS RIG WAS A MITE COMPLICATED! HOW DO I LOOK, GAL?

BEAUTIFUL! IN FACT, YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH...



...TO KISS



YOU MUST FEEL LOST WITHOUT YOUR GUNS, JINGLES!

SHUCKS, I GOT ONE TUCKED AWAY WHERE IT WON'T BOTHER NOBODY! I'D AS SOON SHED MY HIDE AS THAT GUN!



YEP, JINGLES WAS LIVING HIGH... WHEN SUDDENLY THE BRAKES SLAMMED ON AND JINGLES SLAMMED DOWN!

JUMPIN' MUD TURTLES, WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'RE BEIN' HELD UP, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! MEN WITH GUNS!



HOLD IT, ALL OF YUH!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE JINGLES RUN OUT THE BACK WAY LIKE THAT!



... HE DID BUT ONLY TO COME BACK IN AGAIN THE FRONT WAY!

I'LL TAKE YOUR WALLET, BIG SHOT, AND GIMME TH' JEWELS, SIS... ULA!



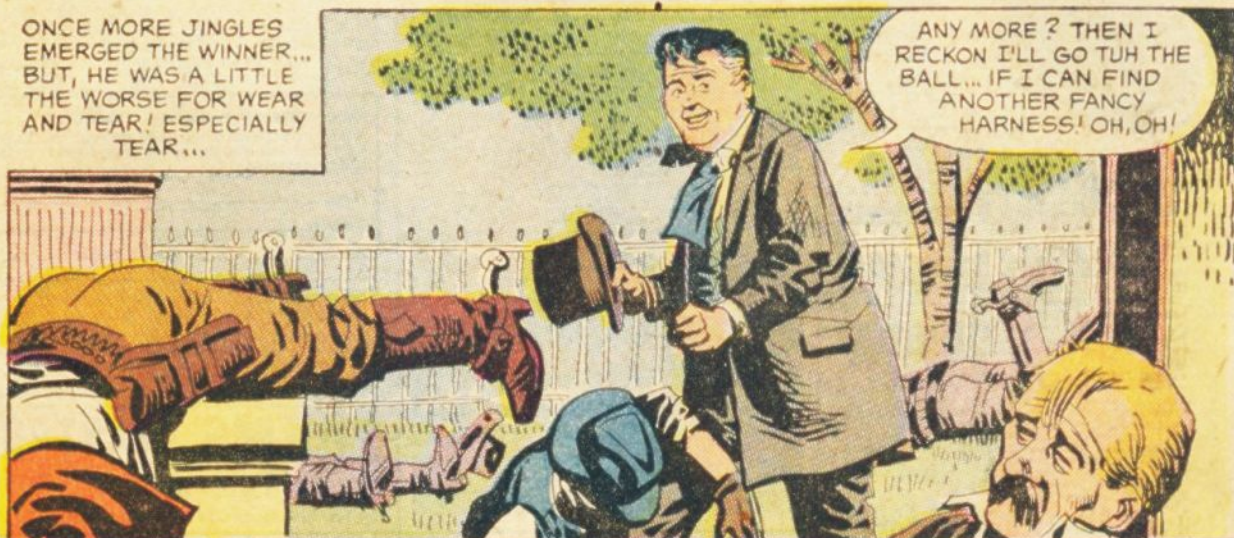
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



ONCE MORE JINGLES EMERGED THE WINNER... BUT, HE WAS A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR AND TEAR! ESPECIALLY TEAR...



TEN MINUTES LATER, JINGLES JOINED THE GOVERNOR AT THE SPECIAL TABLE...



THE END

COLD WEATHER PAYS OFF in Profits for Men Who Sell New Insulated Shoes and Jackets...



BIG MONEY

with New 2-in-1 Combination Deal

TOP MEN MAKE \$5-\$10 AN HOUR
You Don't Invest a Cent!
SALES OUTFIT FREE!

JUST 3 SALES DAILY Earn You Up to \$660 EXTRA Every Month!

Get into a high paying business you can run from home. We rush you absolutely Free a powerful Starting Business Outfit. It contains everything you need to make exciting cash profits from the first hour. You also get wonderful savings on everything you need for yourself or family.

Take orders for just 3 of these fast-selling combinations a day (our 2-in-1 plan) and you earn up to \$660 profit per month. Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you fast:

- Insulated Jacket and leather Boot Combination same type subzero insulation as U.S. Army Cold War Suit!
- Homehide leather jacket lined with real sheepskin, and extra-comfortable air-cushioned work shoe, also lined with warm fleece! • Smart, luxurious Palomino Leather Jacket matching slip-on Moccasins! • New Reversible Nylon-Rayon Jacket - genuine shell Cordovan Leather Oxford! (These combinations pay you up to \$9.50 profit per sale!) We'll put you in business immediately by rushing a complete sales outfit FREE!

You Get Steady REPEAT ORDERS

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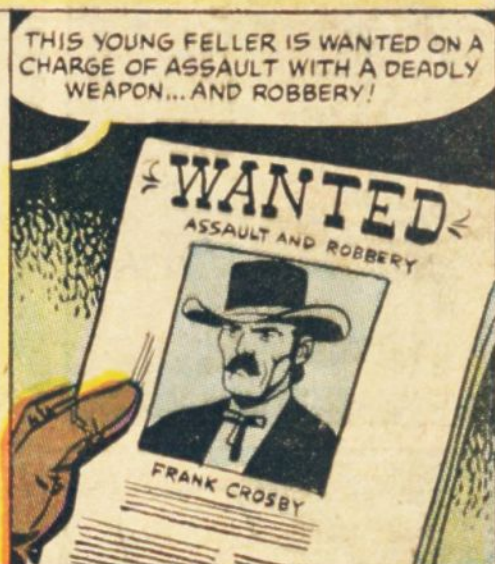
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COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

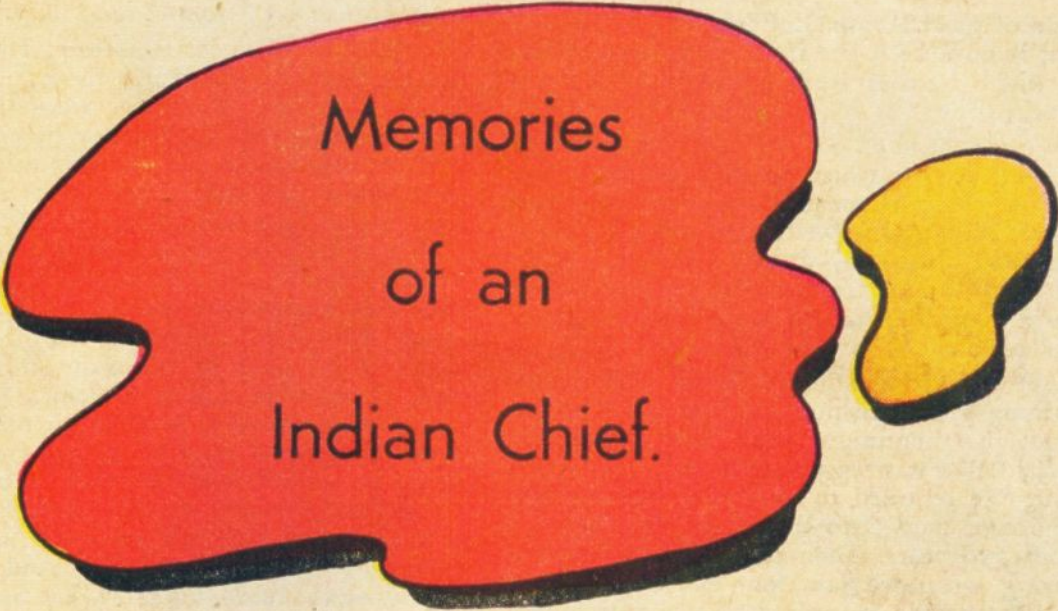
"The GIVEAWAY!"

WHENEVER NEW HANDBILLS ON WANTED OUTLAWS ARRIVED IN THE MAIL, MARSHAL HICKOK MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF THEM! NO TELLING WHEN A FUGITIVE MIGHT RIDE INTO THE TERRITORY UNDER HIS JURISDICTION AND THE FRONTIER LAWMAN WOULD BE CALLED ON TO DO HIS DUTY...



COWBOY WESTERN





Memories of an Indian Chief.

You are going to listen to a real Indian speak about things out of the past. His name is Inshta Theamba and translated, it would mean Bright Eyes. He was later a Chief of his people.

Our fathers had lived upon this spot for so built under great trees whose whispers put us to sleep and whose laughter in the fresh morning breeze awakened us. The lands of my fathers stretched away for many miles to a great river. But it was the custom of my people to live clustered together. This they did for mutual happiness and protection.

Our fathers had lived upon this spot for so many years that our oldest traditions speak not of their coming. They had fed mostly upon buffalo meat from the prairies and the fish from the river. But in addition to these which were now becoming scarce, we had potatoes and grain from our own lands which we cultivated.

Our village was built in the form of a circle. The large, clear, open space left in the very heart of all was reserved as a common playground. Here the boys learned to shoot their arrows with accuracy. Here the older youths matched their athletic skill in many a leap, handspring, and race. Here they led their beautiful ponies and matched them against each other for speed and spirit.

When I was about eight years of age, my father Khe-tha-a-hi, or Eagle Wing, determined to take the branch of our tribe, of which he was chief, upon a grand buffalo hunt. The plans were talked over for many nights around the camp fires. When at last the day came for the start, everything had been carefully arranged. There were about one hundred warriors, all mounted on their fleetest ponies. They were drawn up upon the plain when the moment came to start.

Other ponies were hitched to the tent poles across which were stretched skins. The children and the camping outfits were placed upon them. My father, when we were on the way, rode at the head of the little band on a magnificent horse. The horses' heads were decked with ribbons. The warriors were dressed in their brightest garments. The children vied with the birds in the beauty and variety in what they wore.

On one of the foremost of the sleds little Prairie Flower and I were placed. I am quite certain now that I needed no other ornament than her simple presence to make me the most attractive and envied of them all. Yet there was always the cautious reconnoitering of wooded places to see if the Sioux were there.

We would pitch our camp in some secure spot at nightfall to rest after the hard day's ride. With the first rays of the sun we were on our way again. Our course lay toward the northwest where great herds of buffalo congregated. But as we got closer, we also realized we were approaching the hunting grounds of the Sioux a powerful tribe who was at war with all others of my people.

The cause of the difficulty was the great pride of the Sioux chiefs to unite all Indian races under their leadership and control. Hence the tribes which refused to recognize them as supreme were treated as rebels. The tribe of which my father was a chief had for generations been distinguished for its scorn of the Sioux's pretensions and its successful conflict with them.

On this trip, my father's warriors were magnificently mounted and armed as well as their means would permit. They had rifles and also

bows of great length. Runners were constantly kept in advance to see if there was an ambush. At night watches were posted to prevent a surprise.

We continued on our way and finally reached a beautiful spot where we pitched our camp. Here we were to remain until our hunters had secured all the game we desired and the buffalo meat was sufficiently dried to be taken home for winter use. Every morning our scouts went out in every direction to watch for the coming of a buffalo herd.

And we had not long to wait. The second morning after reaching our camp the scouts came in shouting, "Dta! Dta! (Buffalo! Buffalo!)" I was too young to go on a buffalo hunt. We returned to our home and nothing important enough to mention took place for about two years. Then they came! We were playing when we saw four horsemen riding over the prairie towards us. They rode horses much larger than any we had ever seen before. They didn't look like us. Who were they?

Then somebody shouted, "Wa-gha. (White man)" We of course at once ran back to our village. They rode into the little open space in our village. My father received them with the kindness of a brother. Through an interpreter who was in their company, they were invited to dismount and enter our homes. The white man who seemed ahead of the others in authority said to my father:

"Most noble Eagle Wing, we thank you for your generous welcome. But we come from the Great Father on business of the greatest importance to you and your tribe. Therefore we desire a council with you and your head men as soon as you may be willing to grant it."

He wore a great coat and the custom of our people was to give a name to every prominent person who came among them. And to take the name from some striking circumstance or object about him. I could hear the members of our tribe saying to each other as they watched him:

"U-nosh-e-chu-day! U-nosh-e-chu-day!"

This in the white man's language means Gray Coat. And Gray Coat he was ever afterward known among us. To his request for a council my father replied:

"The Indian always receives the white man as a brother when he comes in peace. We will have a large wigwam built here in the center of this open space. And in it our council shall be held. There we will smoke the pipe of peace."

The chief then gave a few words of direction and command to his warriors. They departed instantly for a swamp which was at no great distance from our village. A great forest of tall, slender trees grew there. In a short time the

warriors returned bearing upon their shoulders a number of poles cut therefrom. The butts of these poles were planted in the ground in the form of a circle. Their tops were brought together and fastened with strong thongs.

Over this framework our brightest blankets and richest furs were flung. Thus a wigwam was formed large enough to seat thirty persons. A fire of fragrant pine boughs was built in the center of the wigwam. Smoke escaped at the top. Into this wigwam the white men were invited. Then my father, dressed in all the gorgeous signs of his high chieftainship and the head men of our tribe, followed them.

All were seated in a circle on robes spread upon the ground. And before any conversation could be entered upon, the pipe of peace must be passed from lip to lip. It may now be known that our peace pipe is a tomahawk, the hollow handle of which forms the stem. And the round top above the blade, the bowl. The extreme end of the handle is whittled down to fit the mouth. When this ceremony was completed, Gray Coat arose and spoke:

"The Great Father is pleased with the tribe of Eagle Wing. He has sent me to tell you this, also, to urge upon you to continue to be wise and friendly, that you may enjoy his favor."

I tell you all because of many things that happen, not all remain in one's memory. One thing more I wish to tell you. It was when I decided to go to the father of Prairie Flower and ask that his daughter be my wife. Then I was grown to manhood. Yet I think on the way there I acted like a child. Twenty times on my way to his wigwam I threw myself on the grass. I who had the courage to fight an attacking wolf, did not have the courage to ask the hand of the maiden whom I loved dearly. But as I later understood, this happens to many people — Not only the red man but also to his white brother.

I finally arrived at my destination. Her father was twisting a sinew for a bow string. But he understood what was in my heart and he called to his daughter:

"Prairie Flower, my child, there is a looking glass and a young man here. And they both wish to see you."

When we were married, my bride wished to make a special gift for me. She had the help of my mother. The two worked on a pair of moccasins for me, shaping and beading them for my feet. I was so pleased with this gift.

The time came later when I had to take my father's place as Chief of our people. But of this, perhaps, I shall tell you more at some later time. But for the present, Peace and Happiness to all of you."

THE END

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COWBOY WESTERN

BILL COWELL HAD A LOT OF BIG IDEAS WHEN HE FOUNDED THE BULLETIN IN DEEP RIVER! HE WAS GOING TO PRINT THE TRUTH, NO MATTER WHO IT HURT! HE WAS GOING TO USE HIS PAPER TO END CORRUPTION! HE WAS GOING TO DO A LOT UNTIL HAGUE ANSON THREW SOME COLT LEAD PAST HIS EARS! AFTER THAT, HE WAS JUST ANOTHER...

GUINSHY EDITOR



BILL COWELL'S PAPER WAS LOADED WITH IDEALS IN THE FIRST ISSUE! AND BILL VOWED HE'D BACK THEM UP!

I NEED HAGUE IN THIS ISSUE, MARSHAL! I'LL GET THE EVIDENCE THAT HIS PROPERTY TITLES ARE FALSE, TOO!

GO AHEAD, COWELL! I HOPE YUH DON'T SCARE EASY! ANSON'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU RIGHT NOW!



HEY, YOU! YOU THE DUDE WHO PRINTED THESE LIES?

THERE'S NOT A LIE IN THAT PAPER, ANSON!



COWBOY WESTERN

THIS AIN'T NEW YORK, COWELL! YUH GOTTA BACK UP YORE TALK OUT HERE!

I CAN BACK IT UP WITH FACTS! I'LL PROVE EVERY STATEMENT!



RIGHT THEN, BILL COWELL LEARNED MORE ABOUT THE WEST THAN HE HAD IN ALL HIS YEARS AT SCHOOL! HAGUE ANSON'S GUNS WEREN'T ORNAMENTS...

YUH'RE GONNA SAY THEY WERE LIES IN THE NEXT ISSUE, COWELL! AIN'T YUH?

PUT THOSE GUNS AWAY, ANSON! D-DON'T BE AN IDIOT!



IDIOT, AM I?



DON'T, ANSON! PLEASE!

BEG, YUH TINHORN! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AN' BEG!



BILL COWELL DIDN'T HAVE TO KNEEL! MARSHAL ALLEN INTERVENED...

CUT IT OUT, ANSON! YUH HAD YORE FUN! NOW, GET OFF THE STREET OR I'LL JUG YUH!



YUH DIDN'T THINK ANSON WAS THAT ROUGH, EDITOR? NEXT TIME YUH'LL TONE DOWN YORE PAPER!

I NEVER THOUGHT I WAS A COWARD BEFORE, MARSHAL! NOW, I KNOW!



COWBOY WESTERN

LOCAL CITIZENS TRIED TO OFFER SYMPATHY BUT COWELL REFUSED IT. HE HATED HIMSELF FOR SHOWING FEAR...

DON'T BE ASHAMED, BILL! IF ANSON SHOT AT ME, I'D BE SCARED TOO.

NO, YOU WOULDN'T, ED!



BACK OFF THE WALK, BILL! VINTON'S LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE. HE WORKS FOR ANSON!

HEY, INK-SLINGER, O'MERIE!



YOU KNOW MY NAME, VINTON. I WARN YOU-- I'M NOT BACKIN' DOWN ANY MORE.

THAT SUITS ME, DUDE!



I DON'T LIKE...
OOOOFF!



YOU'RE NOT CROWIN' SO LOUD NOW, ROOSTER!



VINTON WAS DOWN... AND HE WENT FOR HIS COLT! COWELL DIDN'T FREEZE THIS TIME...

NO, YOU DON'T!



COWBOY WESTERN

TELL YOUR BOSS I'M GETTING AN EXTRA EDITION OUT, VINTON! BEAT IT!



BILL COWELL WAS OVER HIS SCARE! HE WROTE A FAST, ACCUSING EDITORIAL ABOUT HAGUE ANSON AND BEGAN SETTING IT...

YUH GOT SPUNK, SONNY, BUT NOT MUCH SENSE! ANSON AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT!

I KNOW-- BUT IT'S MY JOB TO PUBLISH THE TRUTH!



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, COWELL! I BRUNG AN ANSWER! START BREAKIN' UP THE STUFF, VINTON!



THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS, ANSON! YOU'LL GO TO PRISON FOR THIS!

NO, I WON'T! YUH WON'T HAVE THE NERVE TUH SWEAR OUT A WARRANT!



BILL COWELL WENT CRAZY! HE COULDN'T STAND SEEING HIS PRECIOUS PRESS SMASHED UP, BUT ANSON EXPECTED A FIGHT AND...

NEXT TIME YUH'LL KNOW BETTER, TENDERFOOT!



TAKE IT EASY, BOSS! THE MACHINERY'S SMASHED BUT YUH'LL BE OKAY!

NO, I WON'T, BONES! GO BUY ME A SHOT-GUN! THE BIGGEST THEY HAVE!



COWBOY WESTERN

TEN MINUTES LATER, BILL WAS STILL SHAKY BUT ABLE TO WALK, AND THE NEW TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN WAS LOADED WITH BUCKSHOT...

HAGUE ANSON! COME OUT HERE!

IT'S THAT GUN-SHY EDITOR, ANSON! AN! HE'S GOT A SHOTGUN!



DROP THAT GUN, COWELL! YUH HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TUH USE IT!

I HAVE THE NERVE, ANSON! LET'S SEE SOME FANCY GUNPLAY NOW!



I'LL REALLY GUN YUH THIS TIME!



BOTH BARRELS OF THE SHOTGUN WENT OFF! AND HAGUE ANSON'S REIGN OF FEAR WAS ENDED...



DON'T DO IT, KID! I'M NOT GRABBIN' IRON!

PICK UP ANSON AND TAKE HIM TO DOC FREER. HE'LL PAY FOR THE PRESS YOU SMASHED! I'M SWEARING OUT A WARRANT AGAINST BOTH OF YOU!



BILL COWELL NEVER DID GET TO LIKE GUNS, BUT FOR FUTURE YEARS, THAT SHOTGUN WAS NEVER FAR FROM HIS DESK...

GONNA SHOOT UP OUR TOWN, PECOS? I'LL WRITE THE TRUTH IF YOU DO!

NO, SIR, MR. COWELL! WE HEARD ABOUT YOU AND THAT SHOTGUN! WE'LL BE PLUMB PEACEFUL TILL WE LEAVE!



END

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COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

HUEY FOGG HATED CRIME AND HE DEPLORED VIOLENCE! A MAN WITH MANY INVESTMENTS IN THE TERRITORY, HE WANTED LAW AND ORDER! BUT NOT WILD BILL HICKOK'S BRAND! HE CALLED THEM RUTHLESS GUNMEN WHO WERE WORSE THAN THE CRIMINALS THEY FOUGHT... AND HE REFUSED TO LET THEM WEAR THE BADGES OF OFFICE!

in **THE REFORMER**



WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES WERE ON THEIR WAY TO "CLEAR RIVER" AND IN "CLEAR RIVER," THINGS WERE POPPIN' AS USUAL!



COWBOY WESTERN

FOGG COULD GIVE ORDERS TO BALLARD, GAMBLER, SALOON OWNER AND OUTLAW CHIEF... AND FOGG HAD GREAT INFLUENCE WITH MORE RESPECTABLE MEN TOO!



FOGG'S APPOINTMENT WAS WITH BALLARD...WHO WAS HIS EMPLOYEE!



MEANWHILE-- WILD BILL AND JINGLES WERE ENTERING TOWN! IT LOOKED PEACEFUL AT FIRST...



I'LL THROW MY INFLUENCE AGAINST MAKING HIM MARSHAL! EXCUSE ME, I GOT AN APPOINTMENT!



PICK TWO MEN TO JUMP THEM ON THE STREET WHEN THEY ARRIVE! GET TWO WE CAN SPARE! HICKOK AND JINGLES MIGHT DAMAGE THEM A LITTLE!

OKAY, HUEY, BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!

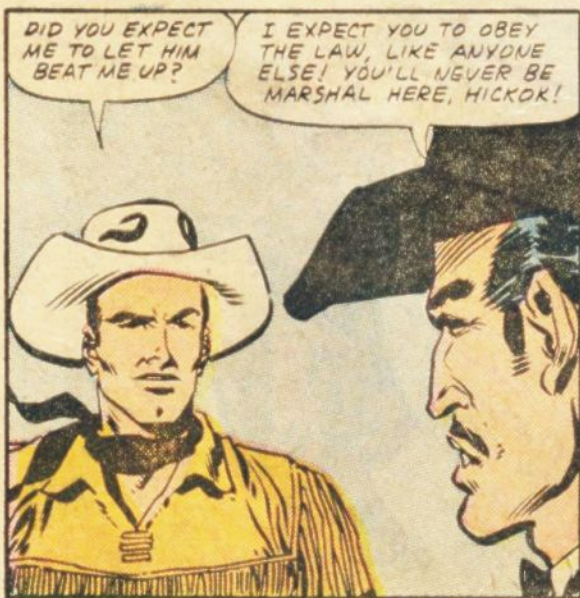


CLIMB DOWN, STRANGER! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YUH WEAR YORE HAIR!



COWBOY WESTERN

IT WAS CRUDE... BUT THE OWLHOOTERS HAD ORDERS TO START TROUBLE ANY WAY THEY COULD!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE FIGHTING LAWMEN WERE PUZZLED UNTIL MAYOR ANSON APPEARED! HE WAS ANGRY TOO!



HUEY FOGG HAS A LOT OF INFLUENCE HERE! HE STARTED KNOCKIN' YOU TWO AFTER HE HEARD I SENT THE WIRE! HE CAN KEEP YOU FROM GETTING THE JOB!



A MAN NAMED BALLARD! HAS A TOUGH BUNCH HANGIN' AROUND HIS PLACE!



JINGLES AND HIS SIDENICK WENT TO BALLARD'S PLACE! THEY FOUND THE BAR PACKED WITH BADGE-HATERS!



IF YUH START TROUBLE HERE, HICKOK, YUH'LL WISH YUH HADN'T! I'M BALLARD!

I FIGURED-- YUH'RE THE CROOKEDEST LOOKIN' CRITTER HERE! TELL THIS WOLF NOT TUM HOWL IN MY DIRECTION OR...



COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL AND JINGLES LEFT...AND BALLARD HEADED FOR HIS BACK ROOM! HE KNEW HIS BOSS, THE REFORMER, WOULD BE THERE!

DID YUH SEE THAT, BOSS? HICKOK'S TOUGH!

HE'S HUMAN! LOOK--THE BANK'S LOADED WITH MONEY! HAVE TWO OF THE BOYS SNEAK UP TONIGHT AND CRACK THE SAFE! I'LL DO THE REST...



IT'S HICKOK! BALLARD SAID HE MIGHT GET NOSY!



IT WAS JINGLES WHO DISCOVERED THE GLOW OF A SHIELDED LIGHT LATE THAT NIGHT! HE GOT BILL IN A HURRY...

I HEAR AT LEAST TWO MEN IN THERE, JINGLES! THANKS FOR THE BOOST!

OKAY, BILL--I GUESS I'M A LITTLE CHUBBY FOR THIS JOB!



MEANWHILE HUEY FOGG AND THE MAYOR WERE AT THE BANK DOORS! FOGG HAD A KEY!

I TELL YOU, I SAW HICKOK CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW! HE'S A THIEF!



DROP IT!

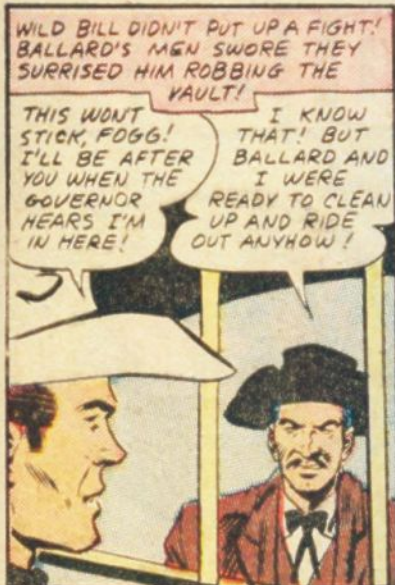


I TOLD YOU! HICKOK'S AN OUT-LAW HIMSELF! WE'LL JAIL HIM!

I...I GUESS WE'VE GOT TO, HICKOK! DROP YOUR GUN AND COME ALONG!



COWBOY WESTERN



End

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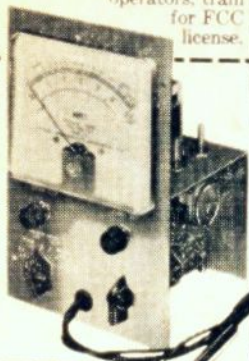
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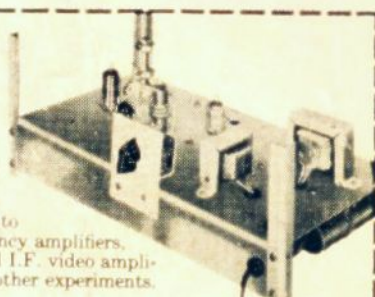


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"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCV in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

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"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.

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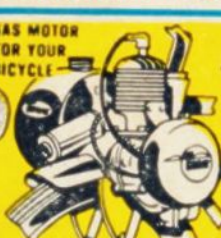
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